SEPTEMBER 8 — 14, 1979

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# Eve's Weekly

## CHILDREN'S SPECIAL

# POPPETS ON PARADE

# *A 'sweet seventeen' complexion, and jasmine fragrance around her...*

*(just what he likes!)*

# *Jai*

**BEAUTY SOAP**

*-with the lingering fragrance of jasmine*

OBM/2266

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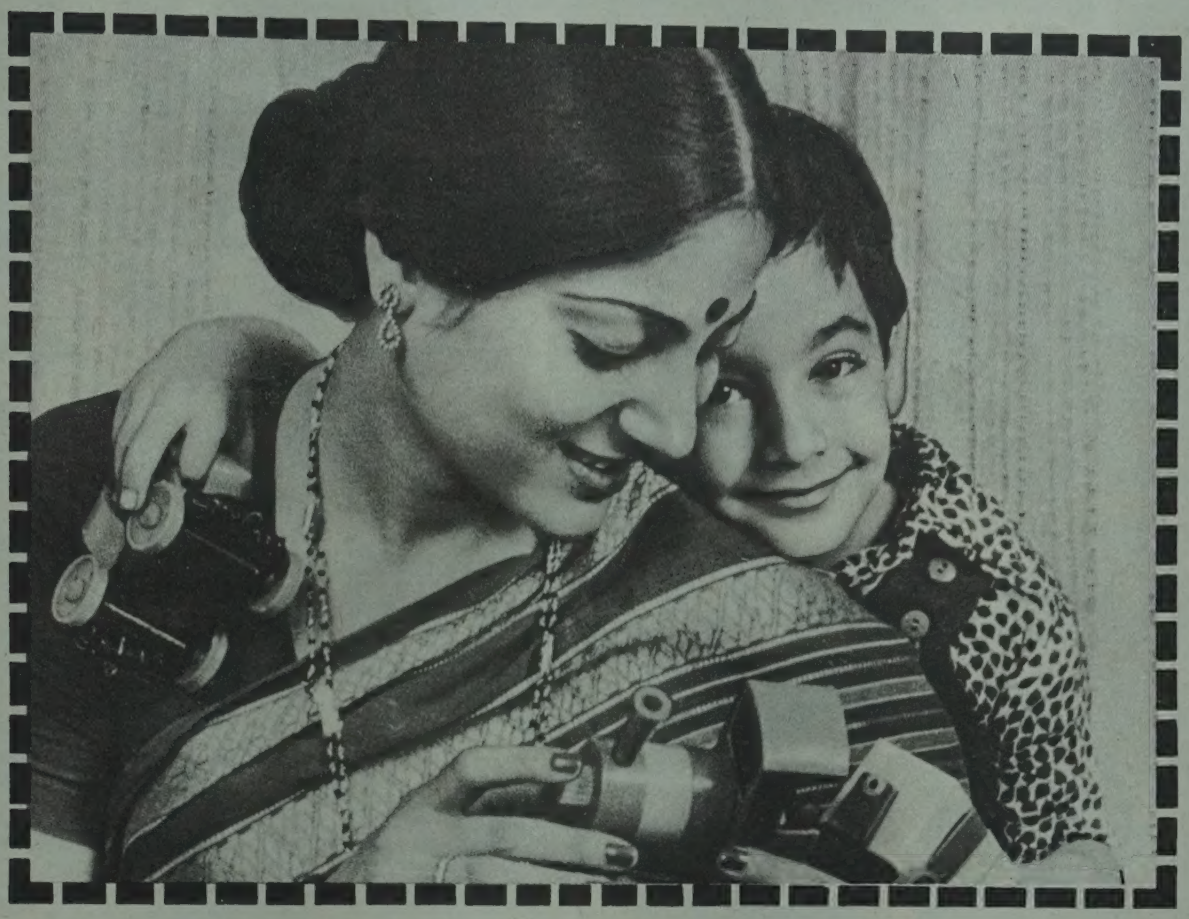

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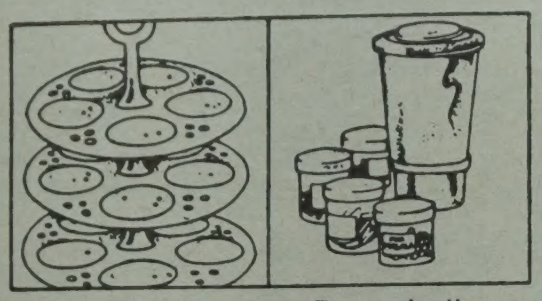

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**Dealers required for unrepresented areas**

## A TRIO OF POPPETS

Three lovely children — and many more inside. Our 'Poppets on Parade' are cute, smiling and well-fed... a far cry from the underprivileged children we have presented in Eve's Weekly during IYC, who are also cute but not always smiling and far from being well-fed. However, children are children and we feel even these lucky, privileged children must be seen and loved and nurtured and protected for, indeed, "Childhood is a universal world which never grows old. To protect childhood is to defend our most precious possession, the child that still lives within each one of us."

Photograph.: Rajendra Chawda


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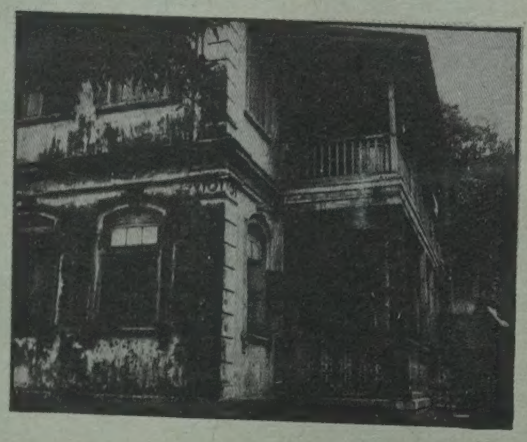
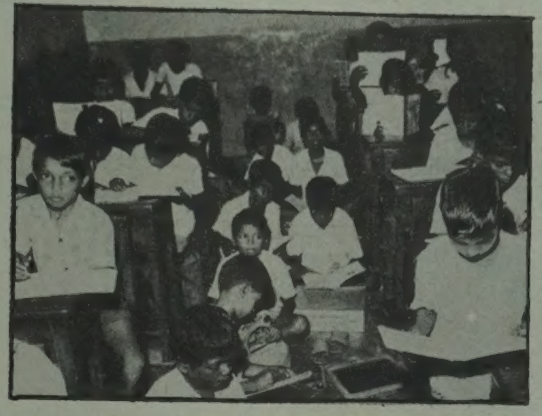
# THIS WEEK



### MUNICIPAL PRIMARY SCHOOLS:

Are they nurseries or graves of education? Housed in dilapidated buildings, their curriculum is irrelevant, the teachers uninterested, and students resentful. But now rays of hope are breaking through.
**Page 10.**





### DROPOUTS FROM PRIMARY SCHOOLS

The high rate of dropouts from primary schools is a criminal waste of public money and individual talent. An investigation into the cause for this malady and possible remedies.
**Page 12.**

### SEX EDUCATION IN FILMS

Anything to make a fast buck is the guiding "principle" of our commercial film makers. So, under the guise of "sex education" soft porn is being purveyed. And to add insult to injury, they reinforce the old, discredited double standard in sexual behaviour.
**Page 43.**

### POPPETS ON PARADE

In this International Year of the Child, attention tends to be focussed on the deprived children of the nation. But a look at the happier faces is also necessary. So we give you a parade of pretty poppets to balance the more depressing side.
**Page 16.**

### ALSO

Children of working mothers — **Page 23** Knitting a jersey — **Page 29** Eve Today : Sarla Gopalan — **Page 35,** Passing Through : Ronnie Lynton — **Page 41,** Woman in Focus : Mandira Dasgupta — **Page 49** IYC Story : Gopi, the boy servant — **Page 53** Human interest story — **Page 59.**

### REGULAR FEATURES

Your page/**7,** Readers' Voice/**9,** Short Story/**25,** Fashion/**32,** Cookery/**37,** Film Star/**47,** Beauty/**49,** Comics/**51,** Frankly Speaking/**57,** People & Events/**60,** This week for you/**62.**

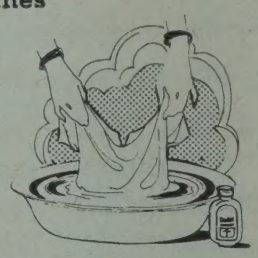
# Germs spread sickness. Sickness spreads germs.

## Where does it end?

The vicious cycle of infection and re-infection can be broken when you take special measures. Here is a check-list to protect your family when there is sickness in your home.

**Use Dettol to wash the patient's clothes**

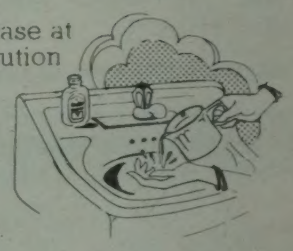
Soak the patient's clothes and bed linen in a solution of Dettol. Dettol kills dangerous germs on contact to help disinfect the clothes.



**Use Dettol for personal hygiene**

In the case of a highly infectious disease at home, wash your hands in a Dettol solution after you come in contact with the patient and before you come in contact with the rest of your family.

For bed-ridden patients, sponging with a mild solution of Dettol can help keep the patient clean and fresh.

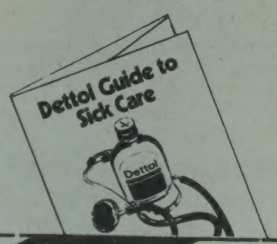


**Use Dettol to wash the patient's crockery**

Soak all the plates, glasses and cutlery used by the patient in a solution of Dettol. Rinse them in running water afterwards. Take special care to ensure that the patient's thermometer is also disinfected in a Dettol solution.

**Use Dettol to disinfect rooms**

Germs tend to linger on the walls, floors and furniture of the patient's room. Spray the room with a solution of Dettol. Remember to wipe the floors with the Dettol solution regularly. Dettol's powerful germicidal action helps make the environment safe for the rest of the family.

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# YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

## DELHI DOGMAS

As a newcomer to Delhi I am shocked to see the passive acceptance of the older inhabitant to the lawlessness and violence prevalent in the city. There seems to be neither a general feeling of indignation nor any organised attempt to resist the evil. Instead, a set of rules have been formed to enable the hapless citizen of Delhi to survive in this demoralized city.

First of all, mind your own business, look straight ahead whether murders or robberies are committed to your right and left. If you happen to be a victim, yield gracefully. Do not shout for help. No passer-by will come to your aid. Do not be foolish enough to report to the police. There are too many such incidents for them to bother about yours. If you are a woman do not wear a single piece of jewellery. Do not go out after dark even with a male escort. Do not trust your servants or the tradesmen who come to your door. Any one of them may be a thief or a murderer.

Follow these rules and you can live safely and comfortabley in this city.

**RITA ROY, New Delh**

**You sound angry, and rightly so. Of all our cities, Delhi has achieved the "distinction" of being unsafe, lawless and violent. The in security is such that people are afraid to get involved. Perfectly honest citizens are rendered "dishonest" by this fear. We can only hope that the Capital will realise the seriousness of the situation.**

2nd PRIZE

## DO YOU LOVE ME?

A friend of mine was telling me the other day about the mentality of men. She confessed that during courtship her husband had lavishly showered her with all conceivable words of love. After marriage, he refuses to utter a single, sweet endearment as though he had dropped these words from his vocabulary. Every time she asks him to express it in words, he looks disgusted, as if to say, "How stupid can you be!" At best he answer dutifully, "Yea, I love you and you know that."

Although I am no psychologist, I feel such an attitude is usually taken by men who do not understand female psychology. Woman, generally, is not accustomed to reasoning. Man, on the other hand, reasons that once he says "I love you" early in the marriage, the words hold good for at least five or ten years, as long as he does not tell her he hates her. He feels that he need not repeat the words. But woman is not convinced. She wants him to love her more today than yesterday, more now than a moment ago. She looks for that subtle difference between today's "I love you" and yesterday's "I love you". Silence is tantamount to saying "I hate you", in the woman's mind.

Don't you think a little knowledge of female psychology could help men in making married life happier?

**MRS. S.K. BAMRAH, Bombay**

**It's nice to be told you are loved, but you can't demand this declaration with persistent — and nagging — regularity. Only insecure women want their men to say "I love you", day in and day out.**

3rd PRIZE

## SEE-THROUGH CLASSES

There is certainly something about which I feel strongly. It is the usual custom among teachers to blame modern students for misbehaving in class. They say that students usually pass indecent comments about lecturers — especially the women teachers. But from what I have seen in my college, I strongly support the students, for the way lecturers dress up practically demands indecent comment.

Most of my lecturers come in transparent white or yellow chiffon sarees, through which their panties and bras and torn petticoats are clearly visible. Many of them do not seem to care about exposing their bosom when they are lecturing. The way they dress up goads even the girls to pass indecent remarks. Then why blame the poor boys?

Lecturers are all well-paid and can afford to buy proper undergarments. Anyway, why exhibit torn underwear through transparent sarees? Why should you tempt youngsters and then blame them?

**VIDYA MURTHY, Tumkur**

**We are surprised at your allegations. We cannot really believe that "most" of your women professors come to class flaunting their figures and revealing their torn under wear. Is it possible that one solitary instance has sparked off this accusation?**

## GRAPE THERAPY

Just because medicine-conscious people are ignorant of 'desi' remedies, now and again they poke fun at Morarji-bhai's centuries-old, "cure-for-all" wisdom. But he is right! There was a research report sometime ago in a medical journal, proving that some fruits such as grapes, raspberries and strawberries possess naturally occurring phenols and tannins that inactivate viruses and act as antiviral agents. The grape is able to kill viruses which cause stomach upsets and polio. Plain grape juice contains 3300 milligrams of phenol per litre, compared to white wine (260 milligrams) and red wine (2200 milligrams). (

Instead of spending money on expensive antibiotics (with their dangerous side effects), we should all take to grape-growing as a national hobby and once in six months go on a week's grape juice diet to eliminate toxins and viruses, purify the blood and rejuvenate our systems. Any takers?

**MISS KASHMIRA B. BARIA**
**Bombay**

**Neither grape-growing nor grape-eating is all that easy. It's O. K. for the ex-P. M. — he can afford grapes at every meal, in and out of season. But the average family can't ... bananas are difficult enough. So, it's best not to fall ill and if you do — pop a pill and hope for the best.**

## MATING GAME

I doubt if this will be published because it says something derogatory, though true.

At the home of a young banking executive last week, I mentioned to him how fortunate he was in having a "very nice" girl-friend. His answer took my breath away. His words: "My dear fellow, if I had no money tomorrow, my 'very nice girl friend' would throw me aside like an old shoe."

If he meant what he said, I fail to see any point (other than possible physical favours) in his continuing the relationship at its present level. But, evidently, he sees no problem in the situation. What do you think?

**GEORGE T. FEGRADOE**
**Bombay**

**We merely think this is an age-old and commonplace situation, and nothing to get excited about. This is a power game: he holds her with his money and she holds him with her youth and beauty. Who will win? If she is "interested" and strikes while she is still young, she will win. If she waits too long, he'll move on to other pastures and start the game all over again.**

# Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

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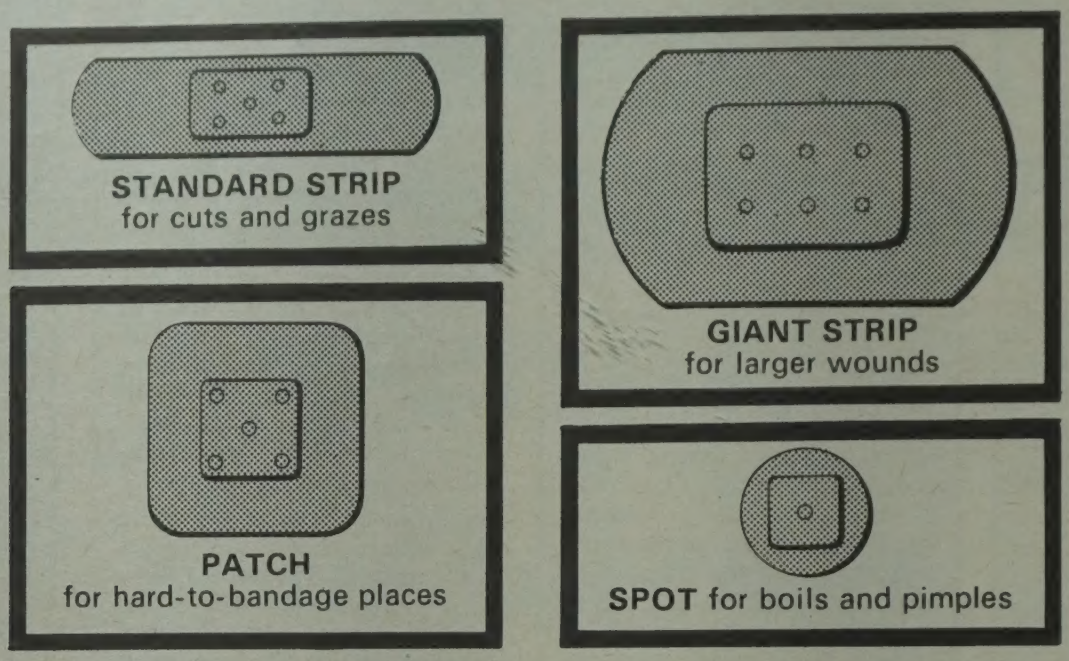


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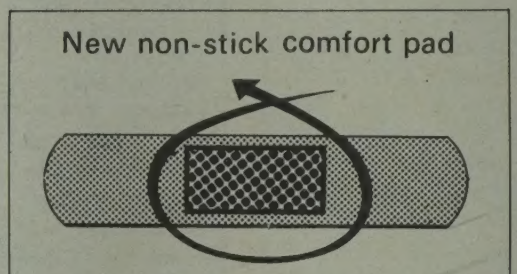


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# READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

## MYTHS AND MYTHOLOGY

The feature "Myths in our Mythology" (July 14) made extremely interesting reading and was immensely informative. It is but natural that our society is buried in deep convictions about caste, creed, revenge and deceit, low status of women and children etc. if these stories are set up as examples of admirable conduct.

But the steps suggested by the author to eradicate the myths are too mild and not so practical. How many of us are convinced about the necessary reforms and would omit references to caste, creed etc? How many of us really feel that women are equal and that they should stand up for their rights? From time immemorial these have been so drilled into and engraved in our minds that most of us refuse to believe anything different. Our beliefs are so deep rooted that any questioning is considered sheer audacity. If you ask about the why of it, they would not be able to answer you, yet they follow it and advise you to follow it because things have been so for ages. Again there is so much hypocrisy that people say one thing but do another thing.

If books on 'sex' and 'pornography' can be banned, I feel that these books on mythology should with immediate effect be banned until they are rewritten with all the necessary omissions. Unless we take such a drastic step we can never eradicate the atrocities conducted in the name of caste, religion, revenge etc. No amount of legislation can help unless the children grow up from the very early days without any knowledge of caste, creed, differences in sex etc.

**VIJAYA MURTHY, Bombay.**

## ADOPT A CHILD

The article on "The Child Adoption Bill" (July 14) was provoking enough. The only snag was that it was all too brief. Right from a very young age I had set my heart on adopting two orphaned and/or abandoned children. Now that I have settled myself in a good job after achieving a career (Chartered Accountancy) for myself, I have decided to put my plans into action.

**VIJAYALAKSHMI N. RAO, Bangalore.**

## MYTHOLOGICAL MYTHS

The article, "Myths in our Mythology", is a timely and thought-provoking article. Some of our Puranic stories, like the birth of Gods etc. are the butt of derisive jokes and ridicule.

"Young and impressionable minds" are bound to be misled by such stories. Of late they have started questioning them too. Those who criticise such stories are branded as atheists and enemies of religion and tradition. These stories are not relevant to our times. Stories laying stress on caste, deceits practised by heroes in wars, women being forced into ridiculous situations and tested by Gods; these and others which are unhealthy and unacceptable have to be deleted. if children are to grow up in an egalitarian society free of caste or creed, class or colour consciousness. Anything that is taught about our past should inculcate not only pride but also social justice.

The younger generation will get confused if these myths are circulated. Double standards and dual values are not going to make the child healthy or wise. We speak of the valour and heroism of our mythological heroes, but can we ever forget how 'Vali' or 'Ashwattama' were killed deceitfully. We speak of charity and monogamy in glowing terms; but how can one in the same breath extol the virtues of 'Kunti' or 'Draupadi'?

The change has to be made and it is now or never. Myths cannot and should not be accepted blindly. Revise them, cut off the irrelevant facts and give them a healthy look to suit changing conditions and give a set of permanent values to the coming generation.

Our generation should cease to be hypocrites.

**SHANTA DYUTHIKAR, Neyveli.**

# NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF SEPT. 15

**UNFAITHFUL HUSBANDS**

**That there is a great deal of infidelity among married men is known to all. Why this happens and how their wives react to it are discussed not only with several married women but also with doctors who are experts in sex problems.**

**DOMESTIC SERVANTS**

**Poverty and lack of employment opportunities drive a large number of boys and girls to seek domestic service. This is a blessing to middle class families and working women, but how do they treat these hapless children exiled from their homes and separated from their parents?**

**DO-IT-YOURSELF**

**Making a fascinating playmate — a cuddly puppy — at home for your little one.**

**PLUS**

**Focus on women achievers, answers to emotional problems of readers and all our other regular features.**

**HOUSED IN DECREPIT BUILDINGS IN DINGY NEIGHBOURHOODS, ARE THESE SCHOOLS NURSERIES OR GRAVES OF EDUCATION?**

At the bottom of a small lane off one of Bombay's crowded streets stands a crumbling structure kept upright with long wooden poles. You climb its flight of narrow creaking stairs right up to the top floor and reach a room crammed with heavy, scratched desks. It opens on to a corridor where children are standing, single file, screaming the National Anthem. There are three more rooms, the last of which leads to a small open terrace.

**RIGHT: No board to proclaim that a municipal school is run in this dilapidated building. Are the authorities ashamed to admit it?**

# MUNICIPAL PRIMARY SCHOOLS: of creaking structures and crumbling values

**Shahnaz Anklesaria**

You are in one of the Bombay Municipal Corporation primary schools. Housed in decrepit buildings, these schools provide primary education to six and a half lakhs of children.

The municipality provides free public education from the primary stage right through high school. It spends roughly Rs. 250 on each child. What are the dividends from this investment of the tax-payer's money?

The UNICEF reported in its 1975 Statistical Profile on children and youth that 73 per cent of the boys and 20 per cent of the girls in the age-group of 5-11 in India were admitted in primary schools during 1973. Of these, only 45 per cent of boys and 52 per cent of girls entered the middle school. In other words, there is almost a 50 per cent drop-out of boys and girls at the primary level. To further substantiate this alarming fact, the report on the Annual Plan of the Planning Commission of India adds that there has been an enrolment of 54,389 children in primary schools during 1968-69. Of this just 15,210 went on to the 6th standard of the middle school.

A look into the system as it functions explains why there is such appalling wastage. Its ethos is that the child must sit in a classroom and cram a specified number of pages from a number of books.

The very first standard reflects in miniature the way children are handled all through high school.

The children are enrolled without any preliminaries at the age of five. They are flung into the school setting and jacketed into the rigidity of classroom time-tables without any of the gradual adjustment into the system that nurseries provide.

Instead of being taught through play, these five-year olds are taken through a regular syllabus which makes them cram into one year what private schools phase out into two. The method is monotonously repetitive — the teacher chants and the children echo.

Lip service is paid to "teaching aids," the modern substitute for books, meant to stimulate curiosity, awaken interest.

In one of the municipal schools I was shown a few of these "teaching aids." There was a board with coloured beads for learning how to count, and a few wooden triangles. This was taken out of a cupboard only on occasions to be gingerly handled and then locked up.

So the teachers use their own ingenuity. One said she would open her lunch box and teach the children to recognise the different colours by pointing to the different coloured vegetables in it. Another said the children would collect soda bottle caps or cigarette packets to make into chains for learning how to count.

The teacher herself cannot attend to the needs of individual learners at different stages. One primary school had just two teachers for the whole school of 80 children.

The Bombay Municipal Corporation runs 1150 schools where 6,41,413 children are looked after by 15,759 teachers. Imagine the chaos when some from this minute number go on leave. One of the schools I visited had a whole classroom of about 50 children being managed by one slightly older boy and his mate who kept parading up and down the room liberally whacking disorderly elements!

When the leave gaps are longer, the children of the class are simply distributed among the other classes, or two classes are combined for a whole month.

When the teacher returns from leave he tries to cram the missed lessons of the course into protesting minds.

The municipality must raise its quota of teachers, particularly its "leave reserve."

The schools do not have any clerical staff. A recent survey revealed that teachers spend from 10 to 20 periods per week doing clerical work. Nearly 60 per cent of the teachers interviewed leave the school premises at least once a week for such work.

Salaries however are rapidly improving. One teacher said he began 17 years ago on a salary of Rs. 90. At present he earns Rs. 450. Teachers work in two shifts from 7.30 to 1.20 or else 1.20 to 5.30 which the married women said was excellent. There are special exemptions and scholarships for the teachers' children if they score 50 per cent in their studies.

There is no procedure for evaluating the performance of these schools. Supposedly supervised by the State Education Department, its inspectors visit the schools once a month, "sometimes for 10 minutes, sometimes for an hour." In private schools, the principals hire and fire their staff. Here, it is all up to the supervisor. "If you have influence with him, it's O. K. said one lady teacher triumphantly.

Why cannot there be more precise evaluation monthly meetings for instance between the teaching and administrative staff for assessing the performance of the school? Evaluating its worth merely by the percentage of children who pass at the end of each year is a wrong approach.

The children who do make it to the bitter end leave school with their horizons barely widened. In one school the children did a drama in which the trades depicted were the postman, the teacher, the liquor-den dada and smugglers. There were no examples of engineers or doctors. When the children in the second standard of a school were asked questions from a book they had 'studied' in the first standard they knew very little. When asked to identify a deer, they said it was a goat. Mahatma Gandhi was recognised — but they said he was an old man who lived in their slum and had gone to his village for some time but would return anyday.

There is little extra curricular activities or physical education for these youngsters. For one thing, most of the buildings housing these schools are so old that as the children race around, they shake. Once a year they are taken to the Azad Maidan to play and teachers say they are wild with joy. There is nobody to teach them craft, paper work, drawing, dancing or singing — all of which children of this age so enjoy.

A rigid, orthodox system like this is quite ineffective. It simply cannot hold the children within it. And these children present many more challenges than children who attend private schools — challenges that the municipal schools are least equipped to face.

A young group of social workers investigated the backgrounds of the children coming to these schools and concluded that those who the system did not throw out, were compelled by circumstances, to leave. As soon as the child was about 10 years old, his parents pulled him out of school and put him to work — usually as a domestic servant.

A Matriculation does not mean a white collar job — so why struggle till the end and be faced with the problem of earning your living six years later?

At home, there is seldom room for the child to study — or rather cram his portion of homework. One room is home for the entire family. The child often has to cope with his parents' marital conflicts and alcoholism.

Once girls attain puberty, they are not allowed to go to school. Child marriages continue and once a girl is 'matched' there is no need for her to study further. House work, her parents assert, is more useful.

Such illiterate parents either retard their child's progress or are indifferent to it. Domestics, or workers on construction sites, or mill workers, or street vendors, they form the lowest income groups. The struggle to see each day through absorbs them completely. Their children are first generation learners. The parents have no time for supervising their children's work or even an idea of whether they go to school every day. Said one teacher, "They feel that once they send a child to school, their work is over. They come to us once in two years and say, 'beat them and teach them,' as though that solves the problem."

No effort is made by the school administration to plan parent-teacher associations imaginatively. If teachers were more sensitive to their pupils' backgrounds, they could find ways of encouraging parents to meet them occasionally. At present only 5 per cent of the schools have such associations and most of which are inactive.

All in all, what do these schools contribute? Their dropouts are often fed into vice dens and before they know it, trapped within them for life.

They also spawn the millions of the semi-educated unemployed of the country. Those, that complete school are not equipped for any specific jobs. The school offers nothing for the scholastically disinclined but otherwise talented child. There is no vocational training. Because they are first generation learners, most of these children have some family trade like fishing or carpentry. The school completely ignores such realities, refusing to teach them how to do their father's job better. At worst, a false value system is built in where a child sees labour as undignified and would prefer to earn less or not at all rather than take over his father's trade. Happily, the Corporation has started a few vocational schools for carpentry. Many many more in different trades will mean a better future for these children.

**Continued on page 57**

**ABOVE: Municipal schools are for children from the poorest families with no tradition of or interest in education.**

**RIGHT: With no playground in their schools, fighting is the only game they know to play — these children from deprived families.**

# DROPOUTS FROM MUNICIPAL SCHOOLS

**Jennifer Pinto**

Pandu is a vivacious boy of 11. His father, a cobbler, died six years ago, and his mother works hard to keep her young family of five going. Pandu spends his time gambling, riding on suburban trains from nowhere to nowhere, or working at temporary jobs to supplement his mother's income (he was working at a railway tea stall when we met him). Intelligent though he is, Pandu is a municipal school dropout from the time his father died — like hundreds of thousands of other children in our country today.

The problem of municipal school dropouts looms large and menacing. In a developing country like India, education is a key factor to a better tomorrow. It is a vital aspect of economic growth, being "an investment in human resources which secures returns in the form of skilled manpower, promoting development." This makes school dropouts a matter of concern not only to the educator but to society at large.

The Indian Constitution guarantees education to all children up to the age of 14. India loses millions every year (250 million to be precise) in the waste and stagnation of students. The number of school going children who become permanently literate in India is the lowest in S. E. Asia.

There are today, 6.75 million primary school, 17.1 million middle school and 8.7 million high school going children in India. Only 40 per cent of the students who enter primary school reach std. V and 25 per cent reach std. VIII. While 89 per cent of the age group 6-11 attend primary schools only 20.9 per cent reach high school.

These statistics however do not give a full picture of the problem. It lies much deeper, far beyond the statistician's year book or even the classroom. It goes beyond into a desolate home, a hungry stomach, vacant eyes and a cruel world. Poverty and illiteracy have always been partners in crime. The poor man has neither the means nor the inclination to send his children to school. A poor man is very often illiterate and an illiterate man rarely values education.

Family circumstances is a major cause of dropouts. The municipal school students, the dropouts in particular, are usually first generation learners. Their parents have never seen the inside of a school. "We have never been to school, neither did our parents nor their parents before them," is their stock answer. "School is for the rich," is what one bitter father had to say. When parents put so little value on education it is denied to their children. In these families economic conditions usually force the child to go to work at an early age, or join the father's trade. If the father is an artisan the son is initiated into the trade when he is 10 or 11, or even earlier. Thus the child's educable years are wasted because he has to share the financial burden of the parents.

The type of environment in which the child lives makes him averse to staying indoors and studying. Inadequate lighting, overcrowded conditions, unhygienic surroundings are very often reasons for students dropping out. Ill health and malnutrition are also a major cause. Gambling, goondaism, and gang fights are rampant among dropouts. The Board of Education said that 90 per cent of juvenile delinquents are school dropouts. Lack of books, uniforms and stationery also prevent children from attending school.

Dropouts that occur at the secondary school stage are usually boys who leave to take up jobs and girls who are taken out of school at puberty. "I am leaving school this year," said Pranoti, a VII std. student, and the reason she gave was, "because my mother said so. She said girls don't go to school after the VII std."

The largest number of dropouts are found at the primary school stage, the I std. accounting for the most. At least 50 per cent of the class drop out within two months of joining school, the most common reason being "Lack of interest," which brings us face to face with the present system of education.

There are several social workers and educationists who have a lot to say on this subject. "The present system of education is urban biased, middle and upper class biased. This creates a value conflict among the municipal school students. They are confused, baffled, and when the incongruity gets too much, they drop out," said Yogesh, a student doing research on dropouts.

Fr. Dawson, a social worker and researcher from the College of Social Work, feels that the present system is hollow and irrelevant. "It is not at all attuned to their (students') environment. It makes them ashamed of blue collar jobs, of their father's profession."

This is obviously true. How can a poor child who lives in an urban slum and who has no intellectual background be expected to study the same syllabus as an upper middle class child? When the inputs that go into educating a middle class child are so superior to that of the slum dwellers, is it right that both should have the same syllabus to pass S.S.C.? The present syllabus has absolutely no relevance to the slum child's life style. He needs a more job oriented course, a course that will teach him how to earn and live.

Mahatma Gandhi stressed the importance of including handicrafts and manual work in the school syllabus. "The curriculum must grow out of the needs of the individual and society," he said.

Municipal school teachers, by their methods of teaching very often cause the child to drop out. Many dropouts com-

**LEFT: Classrooms are so crowded that children have to find space in between tables and chairs and study as best they can.**

plain that teachers are unsympathetic, punitive and use humiliating means of punishment. It is not uncommon to see a teacher in a municipal school walk about the class with a well-worn ruler which he freely uses with little or no provocation. The teacher, however, claims that there is no other way to control a class of 60 unruly hooligans. A large number of teachers are first generation learners themselves, and lack the ability to instil in their students a love of education. They come from poor homes themselves, and teach only as a means of livelihood. They have very little interest or involvement in their jobs. And this is compounded by the transfer policy of the municipality. A teacher can be transferred anywhere at any time, with no notice at all. A teacher at Khar-Danda comes to work all the way from Palghar. "This is why teachers do not get involved with their students, because they know sooner or later they will be transferred," said Jyoti, a social worker from the same Khar-Danda school.

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**RIGHT: Playgrounds are a luxury unknown to municipal school children, and they rush out from crowded classrooms into the streets to play during a recess.**

**BELOW: The classroom feels more airy after the heavy desks and chairs have been removed.**

## THE PROBLEM OF MUNICIPAL SCHOOL DROPOUTS GOES BEYOND THE APPALLINGLY HIGH STATISTICS — TO A DESOLATE HOME AND A HUNGRY STOMACH AND THE FACT THAT POVERTY AND ILLITERACY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PARTNERS IN CRIME

The Municipal school building has very little to attract a child to school. Most of them are drab, dull and ill-ventilated. Not many of them have an adequate play ground, no facility for recreation at all. No attempt is made by the Municipal Corporation to improve them and a broken window-pane may take as long as a year to be replaced. The reason for this is that sanction for replacing a broken window-pane has to penetrate miles of red tape. "Even for a sheet of chart paper we have to go through a lot of red tape," said a harassed teacher. "So, if it is a small amount, I prefer to buy it myself."

But with all these formidable obstacles, the problem of dropouts has not been left untackled. For eight years now the College of Social Work, in collaboration with the Board of Education, has set up social service cells in numerous municipal schools in Colaba, Bandra, Dharavi, Jogeshwari, Malvani and other suburbs of Bombay. They have tackled all aspects of this problem. They focussed on the child, his home, the teachers and the school system. The Municipal Corporation, having seen their success, has established similar cells in several other municipal schools, but they are still novices at the job.

They first tackled the child and his home. "During the first phase, the focus of our activities was on the socio-economic disabilities which interfered with the child's studies." Deserving families were given financial aid and helped to find jobs. Children were given medical aid, nutritious food, free uniforms and books. Today, by means of sponsorships, deserving children are given all the aid they need, nutrition schemes distribute milk, bread, and eggs. The social service cell keeps in constant touch with families, and dropouts are contacted personally and a helping hand extended. Dropouts, homes are given special attention. "We try and mobilise the community youth to go around and find out why children are not coming to school," said Kamini, a social worker from the Colaba Municipal School.

School services like book banks, study classes, vocational guidance, family life education, etc. are offered to students. For working students, a night school is available, and for girls who leave school, classes in sewing and typing are offered.

**Continued on page 57**

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# POPPETS ON PARADE

ONCE AGAIN, EVE'S WEEKLY PRESENTS ITS EVER-POPULAR, DELIGHTFUL FEATURE: POPPETS ON PARADE. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES IS SHOWN A SELECTION OF OUR READERS' LITTLE DARLINGS. AND TO START OFF, WE HAVE HERE SOME OF PHOTOGRAPHER RAJENDRA CHAWDA'S ENCHANTING STUDIES OF CHILDREN.

# POPPETS ON PARADE

*Without Children, There Is No Real Love.*

Italian Proverb

**ABHAY SINH, Mhow Cantt**
Age: 2 yrs.

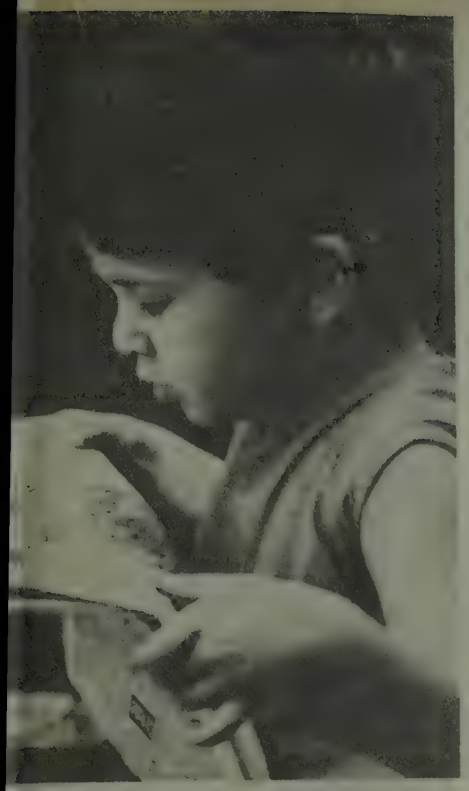
**CHINELLE-ANN REGINA HOOPER, Bombay**
Age: 1 yr. 3 months

**In the International Year of The Child, we bring you Poppets — from all over the country. The response has been overwhelming; we wish we could publish all of them, but since we can't, we give on these pages (and in subsequent issues) as many lovely poppets as possible.**

**PRODYOT, Bangalore**
Age: 8 months

**DWAYNE D'SILVA, Bombay**
Age: 8 months

**APARNA KHEMANI, Bombay**
Age: 6 months
**RIGHT: SUNITA IYER, Bombay**
Age: 11 months



**RUJU BELANI, Bombay**
Age: 2 yrs.

**RAHUL NATHWANI, Bombay**
Age: 7½ months

**SUNIL A. PURSWANI, Bombay**
Age: 2 yrs.

**MEGHNA SOOD, Calcutta**
Age: 4 months & 10 days.

**NAZNEEN M. KAVINA, Ahmedabad**
Age: 2 yrs.

**LEFT: HARJOT and GUNJOT KAUR SAHINI New Delhi**
Age: 3 years and 1½ years

# The inspiration behind many a designer's creation

A dream of a design. Soft flowing lines in Kamala's white dress material. Teamed up with narrow plain chamois-satin trousers.

Stylishly outfitted in Kamala's polyester woven striped suiting. With the latest in lapels and pocket styles.

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# POPPETS ON PARADE

**SARAYU BALACHANDAR, Hyderabad**
Age: 1 yr. 3 months

## BABIES

Now babies come in every size,
They greet the world with raucous cries.
Sometimes they're lasses, sometimes lads,
The pride of both their mums and dads.
They are quite unpredictable,
And demonstrate an iron-hard will.
They wake up hungry in the night,
And put their parents' sleep to flight.
Sometimes they lie there quiet and play,
Sometimes they yell throughout the day.
Their waving fingers, wriggling toes
Into the hearts of parents goes.
They gurgle oft with sheer delight,
And then we know that things are right.
And though we to their lives attune,
Most of us wish they'd grow up soon.

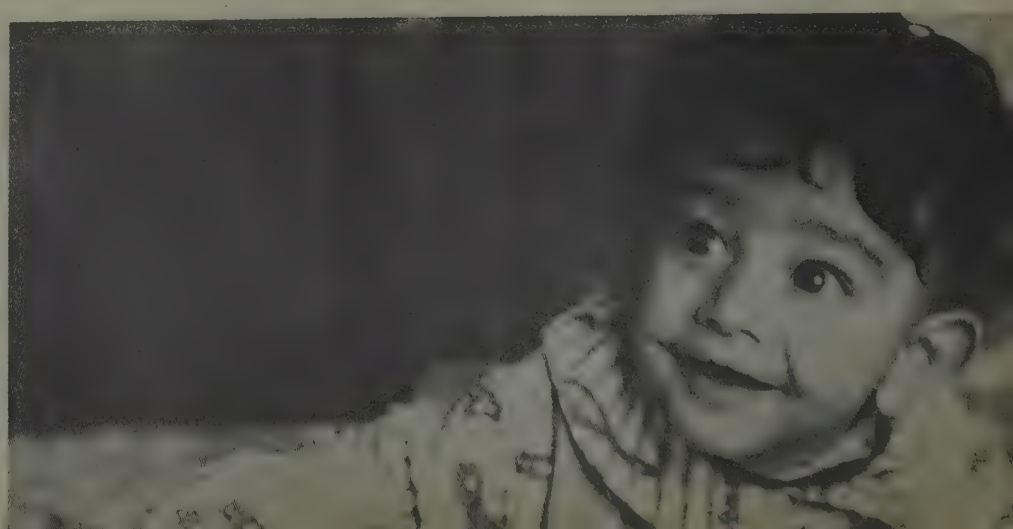
— George T. Fegradoe.

**SHIVANI MATHUR, Lucknow**
Age: 2½ yrs.

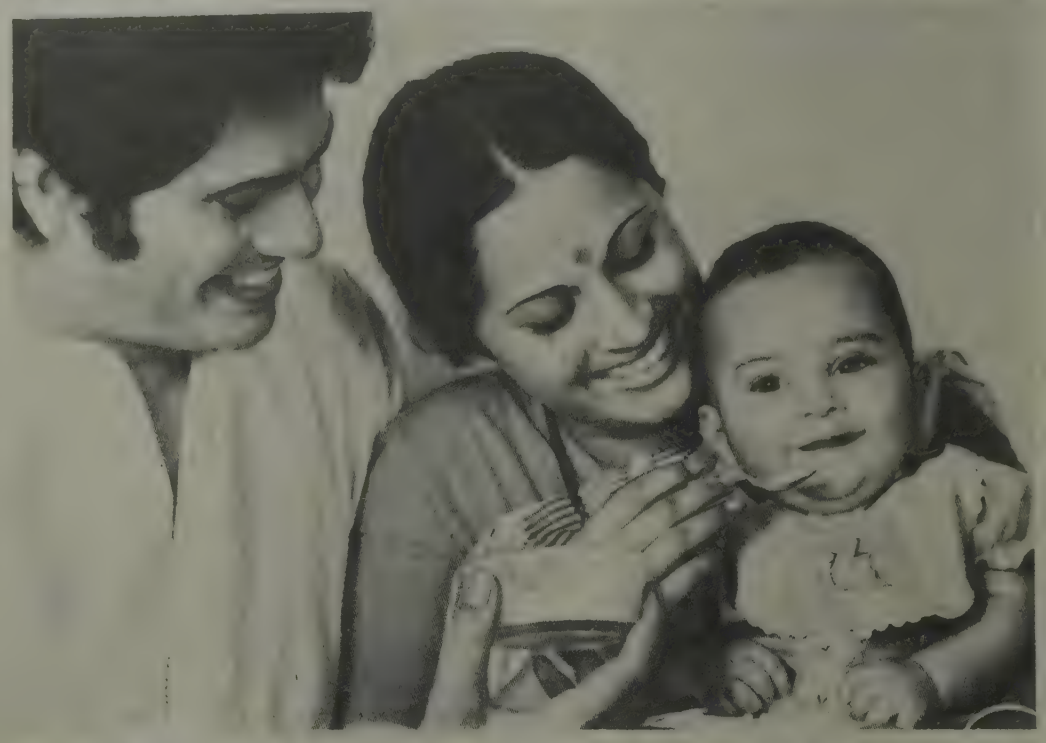
**BONNY, Ajmer**
Age: 1 yr. 3 months

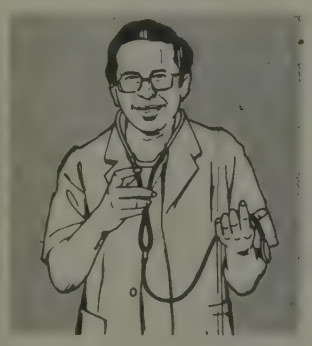
**VINANT PRAHALAD, Hyderabad**
Age: 9 months

**RIGHT: ANANDA CHATTERJI, Bangalore**
Age: 1 yr. 3 months



# After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.





## Doctors recommend

# FAREX®

## Your baby's ideal solid food

**Doctors recommend Farex! Why?**

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

**Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?**

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

**Why 3 months onwards?**

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

**Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?**

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

**When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?**

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food.

Mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all the recipes for your baby.

Now the same Farex goodness comes in the new 400 gm. tin.

# Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth.

**POOJA AGARWAL, Bombay**
Age: 4½ yrs.

**SHRUTI HARNAL, New Delhi**
Age: 10 months

# POPPETS ON PARADE

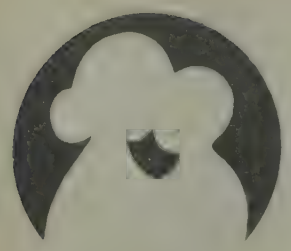
No sweeter thing than children's ways and wiles,
Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears:
Yet sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles
Are even their tears.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne**

**PREETKUMAR N. NAGDA, Gadag**
Age: 4 years

**RIGHT: ABHINASH MISRA, Orissa**
Age: 9 months

**SHEETAL KAMATH, Bombay**
Age: 2½ yrs.



# THE VAZIR'S DAUGHTER

**Indira A. Pastala**

Long, long ago, the country of Biblistan was ruled by a young king called Iqbal Al Hashim.

When young Iqbal became king, he had his father's old Vazir, Siddiq, as his Prime Minister. Siddiq was eighty years old and Iqbal did not like the old man constantly telling him what to do and what not to do. So he wanted to find an excuse to dismiss the old Vazir. He decided to set the old man a very tough task which he could not perform. Then he could get rid of the nuisance.

So Iqbal called his old Vazir and said, "Siddiq, my friend, you know what a large army I have. So many of my soldiers get wounded or die in battle. If they had protection, they would not be hurt. I give you six days. Make for me six suits of stone. Stone-suits would be very good for my soldiers. Go, and return soon. If you are not able to do this, then you need not be my Vazir."

Siddiq left the palace. He returned to his house and sat thinking and thinking. Suits of stone, how to stitch clothes of stone? His young daughter, Razia, saw her father walking about or sitting and shaking his head in deep worry. She wondered what was troubling him.

"Father, what is the matter? Why are you so worried? Come and have your food."

"Go away child. I have this riddle to solve."

"Riddle, what riddle?"

"The king is not pleased with me. Perhaps he thinks I am too old and so to get rid of me he has asked me to perform this impossible task."

"What have you to do, Father?"

"Make suits of stone for his soldiers. How does one stitch stones?"

"Stitch stones? Very simple. This is what you must do." Razia whispered a plan into her father's ear. The old man smiled when he heard her.

Four days later, the king saw his Vazir enter the palace gates with a cart-load of sand. "Well, Vazir, have you not been able to stitch the suits of stone?"

"The stone pieces are ready, but I cannot stitch them together with ordinary thread. Please get this sand spun into thread. The thread will then be strong enough to stitch the stones together."

Iqbal laughed. "You do have some wisdom in your old head. Now go and count the stars that shine over my kingdom. Give me your answer tomorrow."

Siddiq went home and told Razia about his next job.

"Do not worry, Father, I will give you the answer tomorrow."

Early the next morning, the Vazir appeared before the king with a large silver box.

"Well, my Vazir, what is it?" asked the King.

"Your Majesty, I have in this box the answer to your question. You asked me to count the number of stars over your kingdom. This box is full of sesame seeds (til). Some are with their skins and are black, some are husked and white. Separate for me in an hour's time the white til from the black and you will have answered your own question."

"How can one man separate so many in so little time?" asked Iqbal.

"Your Majesty, the stars are many and cannot be counted by a man in a single night, not even in a year. They shine in the dark night over all the earth, not only over your kingdom of Biblistan."

"Well, you have found ways out from the tasks I set you so far. When I asked you to make suits of stone, you demanded threads of sand. When asked to count the stars in a night's time, you ask me to count the white and black seeds. Now let me see your wisdom. Go get for me milk from a lion."

Milk from a lion! How can anyone get milk from a lion? Everyone was surprised.

Late that night, when all were asleep, the king was awakened by the sound of clothes being washed. He could hear the sound of washing from the banks of the river nearby. What a noise! Who would be washing clothes so late at night?

Iqbal got out of bed and went to his window. There in the moonlight he saw a beautiful girl washing clothes in the river.

"Here, you!" he shouted. Are you some fairy or angel to be washing clothes at this time of the night?"

"No, Your Majesty," answered the girl. "I am no fairy nor an angel. I am your Vazir's daughter. My poor father has just given birth to a son. I am washing the soiled clothes."

"Your father has just had a baby? Are you mad?" shouted the surprised king. "Your father has given birth to a son! Impossible! How can a man have a baby?"

"Then how can a lion give you milk?"

The king soon knew he had been tricked. He called Siddiq the next day and asked to see his daughter. So Siddiq brought his beautiful and wise daughter to the palace. The king saw Razia and fell in love with her.

"Razia, if you were a man I would have made you my Prime Minister, but you are a woman. So will you be my queen?"

Razia agreed so long as her old father stayed as Vazir. So Iqbal and Razia were married and lived happily together ruling the country of Biblistan with old Siddiq as their Vazir.

# WORKING MOTHERS' CRY FOR HELP

**MOST WORKING WOMEN HAVE DOMESTIC RESPONSIBILITIES TOO, BUT NO EMPLOYER, HOWEVER PROGRESSIVE HE MAY BE, HAS EVER THOUGHT OF PROVIDING CRECHE FACILITIES FOR THE CHILDREN OF HIS FEMALE EMPLOYEES**

**K. R. Javeri**

In this International Year of the Child I am making a plea on behalf of the children of women working in offices, to do something to make life easier for such children and their mothers.

In certain areas our society is totally lopsided and illogical. We guarantee a worker a fair or minimum wage, and his union ensures that he will not be unfairly treated, but the supervisor can be treated in any manner and can be sacked at will. While the ordinary female worker could continue working at her job as of right after she is married, it required a High Court judgement to establish the right of the sophisticated air-hostess to do the same. Similarly, while the factory laws ensure to the female factory worker a safe place in which she can leave her child while at work, her counterpart in offices gets no such facilities.

It seems to be an accepted situation in the commercial world that a woman working in an office must totally conceal and efface her interests in her home -- whether she be an executive, clerk, stenographer or secretary. A woman who betrays any sign of interest in her domestic affairs is automatically branded as not dedicated to her work and marked out as a casualty on the turn-over list. If her child has been ill or has kept her awake the previous night, she must still present a neat, cool, and efficient look when at her desk the next morning and if she takes leave or goes early or comes late on that account, the immediate reaction is, "this is what comes of employing women," a totally unfair comment when one considers that a man may stay at home if he feels disinclined to work because he had had a few too many the night before.

Statistics indicate that in spite of all the problems and difficulties which beset a married woman and mother, women workers in offices are far more reliable than their male counterparts at a similar level. The demands of the job and home leave them little time for loitering and scheming. They attach more value to security and are loathe to make changes for a marginal increase in salary. In these circumstances, they deserve a better deal from their employers.

Somehow, the idea of a commercial organisation providing a place where their women employees can leave their children is considered bizarre. It is perhaps consistent with the ostrich-like attitude mentioned above which forbids a woman from showing any part of her role as mother and house-maker. Like sex these things must not be talked about, much less anything done about it. And yet, considered rationally, why cannot an organisation that spends crores on the welfare of its employees not provide some facilities where the working woman can leave her pre-school-going child in the care of some competent person while she is working so that her mind is free from the gnawing worry of whether the unreliable domestic left at home is in fact looking after the child or chatting with "boy-friends"? If offices are concerned enough to provide recreational facilities like billiards, or carrom or card tables in their premises for their employees, is there not at least an equal justification for providing facilities that will relieve the mental and physical strain from their women employees? Even progressive employers have not given this matter a thought.

Apart from employers, society itself owes something to the children of such working women. In some Western countries, men are entitled to take leave with pay for a few days when the wife has a baby to enable them to help out at home at that time. Such a thing is unheard of in India, although the poor working woman in India probably bears a far greater burden of the household duties than the Western woman.

Recently, an organisation has been started in Britain which provides help to mothers facing a domestic crisis, whether it be a sick child, or her own illness, or just sheer inability to cope with a situation that is beyond the woman's capacity. A woman in such a situation telephones the organisation which sends someone suitable, who has the skills required to deal with the particular situation, such as knowledge of child care, nursing, cooking or housework.

Social welfare agencies are all in the race to announce schemes to commemorate this Year of the Child. Many of the schemes are impressive on paper, but of little practical value. Here is a scheme that would be of immeasurable value to both the children concerned and their mothers. There could be modifications and adaptations to suit differing conditions. Perhaps it could be combined with the establishment and running of play-centres where the mothers could leave the children during the day and pick them up in the evenings. They could be self-supporting, a fee being charged on a sliding scale depending on the kind of help required. In fact, an enterprising individual could probably make a profit out of the scheme. Apart from that, it could impart skills and provide employment to several people.

I can imagine that many would say, "Why not solve the problem by the woman staying at home and looking after her family?" Such a solution, apart from being an expression of male chauvinism, totally ignores the innumerable forces that compel a woman to work. No longer does the woman work for "pin money" — although for some reason it is considered the "in" thing to do so rather than work for one's bread. Today's inflation makes it necessary for every member in a family to contribute towards the expenses. Apart from that, why should a woman who can contribute her talent and her time to the country's economy be compelled to stay at home?

Will some enlightened organisations "adopt" this scheme and the several hundred children who would be its beneficiaries?

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**(The author was a member of the Tata Administrative Service and was until recently Secretary of The Tata Iron & Steel Co Ltd. She now has her own legal practice.)**

# THE MANY USES OF GLYCERINE

Glycerine can be put to so many uses in the home that it is actually a must for the housewife. Milk will not boil over if a little glycerine is smeared round the lid of the saucepan. A little glycerine rubbed round the cork of any bottle will prevent it from sticking — even a glue bottle. When glue hardens in a bottle, it can be softened and made usable by adding a little glycerine and warm water.

Coffee and tea stains can be removed if rubbed with a little glycerine on a piece of flannel. The same treatment is also effective to clean soiled glass windows, spotted table-tops, metal surfaces or refrigerators.

Glycerine can help free jammed tumblers, glasses and metal utensils without breaking them. Let drip a few drops of glycerine over the edge of the outer vessel and this acts as a releaser.

During the rainy season rub shoes and chappals with glycerine and leave overnight so that the glycerine can soak in well. Rub the windscreen of your car with glycerine and the rain will not obscure your vision.

Externally it is an emollient when applied to the skin. With borax it forms the most satisfactory application to chapped nipples. It prevents bedsores. Plugs inserted into the nostrils in a similar way help in hay fever.

Applied to the mouth and throat it relieves the dryness of these parts in a prolonged feverish condition.

Rub glycerine on tired feet at bedtime and by next morning you will find them fresh and supple. A gentle massage of baby's gums with glycerine will protect them from sore gums and alleviate teething troubles.

It can soften chapped hands, face and lips by a gentle massage. It has a wonderful non-drying quality.

Glycerine helps preservation of cosmetics. A few drops of glycerine added to dried-up or caked tooth paste, cold cream will make them soft and fresh.

An anti-wrinkle lotion can be made by mixing equal parts of glycerine, rose water and the unbeaten white of an egg. Dab this on the affected areas, leave for a few minutes and press firmly, a small area at a time.

**V. V. Balakrishnan**

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# A FAVOURITE AUNT

## Mona Bannerji

INDIA, 1938. Raghu Chatterji was a healthy and handsome young man who had just received his Master's degree in Philosophy, but his parents were not happy. Young Raghu wanted to give up this world and retire to the mountains as a hermit. His mother would not hear of it, so Raghu half-heartedly taught history at the local high school, and spent the rest of his time at the Ramkrishna Mission engrossed in Vedantic discussions. He had already given up eating meat or fish, and partook of only one meal a day, while his clothes had been reduced to unrelieved white cotton. From there it was but one step into saffron.

Raghu's mother was frantic with worry, and ready to try anything that would keep Raghu out of the saffron robes of a sanyasi. So when people suggested that a beautiful young wife may be the best way to tie him down, she started looking for the most beautiful daughter-in-law that any family could aspire to. They wanted no dowry, no talents, nothing. All she would have to do would be to ensnare Raghu with her physical charms and hold him fast.

The Chatterjis did not have to look too far. Right in the next village the Sircars had a fifteen-year-old daughter who, it was rumoured, could put the full moon to shame. Mrs. Chatterji lost no time in acquiring Ratna Sircar for her son. When Raghu came to know of the preparations he tried to explain to his family that he did not want a wife. The girl would be miserable married to him. But nobody paid any attention.

Raghu was an honest man, so he considered it his duty to warn the Sircars about their daughter's future, but Ratna's father, himself a religious man, was much impressed by the religious bent of Raghu's temper, and became even more eager for the match. Thus, in spite of Raghu's other-worldly inclinations, the marriage took place, and Raghu was saddled with a beautiful wife.

Raghu spent nine years married to the beautiful Ratna, but there were no children simply because he never shared a bed with her. Actually Raghu never slept in a bed. He slept on the floor on a bamboo mat, covered by a coarse blanket, just as any hermit in the hills would do. Instead of a pillow he used a copy of the Vedas. Raghu's mother spent hours every evening beautifying Ratna even more, using exotic perfumes, love potions, and what not.

**A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MARRIED TO A MAN WHO DESIRED NOTHING FROM HER BUT FREEDOM — FREEDOM TO DON A SAFFRON ROBE AND RETIRE TO THE MOUNTAINS AS A SANYASI**

Ratna herself knew all this was to no avail, and the only way she could get through to her husband was by singing hymns to his beloved Lord Krishna. She had a sweet voice, so she made it her duty to learn more and more devotional love songs, and while tears streamed out of Raghu's eyes for love of the God, Ratna's eyes flowed with love for her husband. Fortunately she had an easier time accepting Raghu's disposition than his mother had. Meanwhile, Raghu's younger brother Biren got married, and his wife produced three loud, noisy, fat children, who followed Ratna about everywhere she went.

I was one of those children, and very early in life I discovered that our aunt was mother, friend, and mentor rolled into one; and that because of her we were three of the luckiest children in the whole wide world.

But to return to the story—nine years after they were married, one night, aunt, or Baroma (elder

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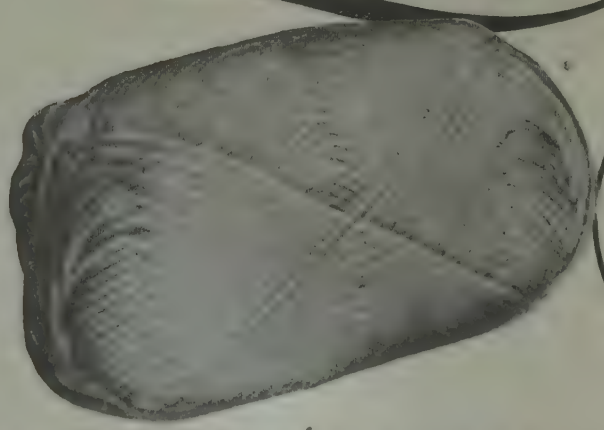

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# A FAVOURITE AUNT

mother) as we called her, rolled over in bed and noticed that her husband was not on the mat on the floor. The first reaction was panic, but then she got out of bed, threw a shawl across her shoulder and walked out of the room. In grandfather's house there was a little temple in one corner of the courtyard, and just as Baroma had expected, her husband was sitting on the steps of that temple, staring vacantly out and looking as miserable as a little child. Baroma felt like a reluctant prison guard, and was ready to set the prisoner free on his own terms. This charade had continued much too long. So she went and sat next to him, and quietly asked, "What is it that you want?"

"My heart is not in being a householder. But I cannot leave either until you permit me to go."

"You have my consent. Go."

"But what about you? I can't just leave you to fend for yourself."

"Ghanashyam will look after me." Ghanashyam was the god whose image was in the temple, and Baroma really did not mean anything when she made that statement, but Raghu's face brightened all of a sudden.

"That's it. I'll leave you in his care. You are my wife, and as a Hindu husband I have the right to give you away in marriage, if I want to. That's exactly what I'll do."

Baroma could not quite understand the reason for his excitement that night, but she certainly did the next morning when he insisted on her dressing up in all her wedding finery and accompanying him to the temple. There, in the presence of an astounded family, he placed her hand in the hand of the stone statue and read the wedding mantras over them himself. Baroma merely smiled because being married to Raghu Chatterji had never really been any different from being married to a statue. That evening, Raghu Chatterji left home with his wife's blessings. The rest of the family was convulsed in grief — she alone continued with her daily chores as if nothing had happened.

In a few days changes started being noticed in Ratna's life that brought on quite a few whispered comments. First, she had her bedding brought into the temple, and that is where she slept for the rest of her life. No longer did she offer food to the deity in the regular silver utensils. The offerings were now made in her own plate and glass. Similarly, she stopped eating food cooked in the family kitchen, and would cook in a corner of the temple verandah. She would sing to the deity, and talk to Him as to a husband. Every evening she would go through the ritual of dressing up as any Hindu wife does for her husband, being very careful to put flowers in her hair, and wear only sarees with striking red borders. Neighbours started clucking their tongues and saying, "The elder daughter-in-law of the Chatterji house has become mad."

Grandmother was no psychiatrist, but she knew that the only way to keep Ratna slipping over the brink was to keep her fully occupied. So she took the keys of the household and handed them over to Ratna saying, "From today you are the matriarch, and we are all your responsibility." Grandfather even started addressing her as "Ma." The servants were given strict instructions to take all their orders from her, while Grandfather and Father started handing her their paypackets to do as she wanted. Later, when my brother grew up and started working, he continued that tradition.

Following Grandmother's example, Mother led us all to Baroma, and putting the youngest of us on her lap, announced, "From today they are your children." In all fairness to Mother it must be said that never once did she show any resentment towards Baroma for holding all that authority. Actually, this arrangement suited Mother fine, as it gave her more time to read novels, potter around in the garden, and take long vacations in her father's house.

Baroma showed a lot of interest in Raghu's books and notes, and whenever she was in her old bedroom she would fiddle around with these. That gave Grandfather the idea to get her a good education, so that she would be able to read and understand those books, and perhaps through them gain an insight into Raghu's unpardonable behaviour. Soon a tutor was engaged, and Baroma studied diligently for four or five hours a day. With his help she got through school final with brilliant grades. With such a mind as her's, the only sensible thing for her to do would be to go to college in Calcutta, but she refused, giving her age-old excuse, "In case he happens to be passing this way, I don't want to miss him."

This was ridiculous. We all knew there was little chance of his passing this way after so many years. God alone knew if Raghu Chatterji was even alive or not. If alive, when taking on a monk's robes he would have changed his name, and as far as the world was concerned, Raghu Chatterji was dead. But who could say all these things to Raghu's wife Ratna? Once again we all sighed and fell back. This was the very same reason given to her parents when she refused to go there on visits during the festival season. "In case he happens to pass this way..."

But that did not mean she gave up studying in the real sense of the word. She would leaf through our books, discuss them with us, and review our papers before we handed them in. Her theory was that if she could understand a paper it deserved an "A," but if some portion of it had to be explained to her, then that portion needed rewriting. This view served us through high school, college, and even graduate school.

Before her very eyes we grew up and became adults. She was the only person we could bring our friends, and later our sweethearts home to. They could relate to, and converse with her, without being overcome by the self-consciousness of youth. And they all loved her. Years later, when we had outgrown a friendship, we would encounter half-forgotten faces on the steps of her little temple.

When the time came for us to get married, the matchmakers

**Continued on page 55**

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# A TWIN SET

## FOR YOUR DAUGHTER... A SNUG JERSEY WITH MATCHING SLIPOVER IN COLOURFUL STRIPES

**Materials:** Knitting Yarn "modella" Cashmilon 4 ply: 4 balls Red 167, 4 balls Purple 127, 1 ball each of Blue 142, Green 145, Grey 111 and White. Knitting needles no. 10 and no. 12 and a set of no. 11 needles. Crochet hook no. 12.

**Measurements:** Jersey length 38 cm., chest 66 cm., sleeve seam 40 cm., Slipover: length 43 cm., chest 66 cm.

**Tension:** 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cm. measured over st. st. on no. 10 needles.

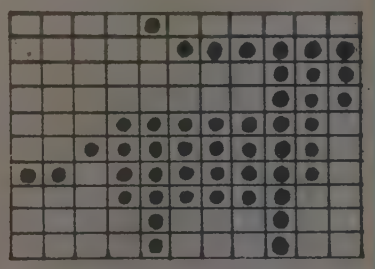
**Abbreviations:** k. = knit; p. = purl; st. st. = stocking stitch; sts. = stitches; rep = repeat; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; beg. = beginning; alt. = alternate; dc. = double crochet.

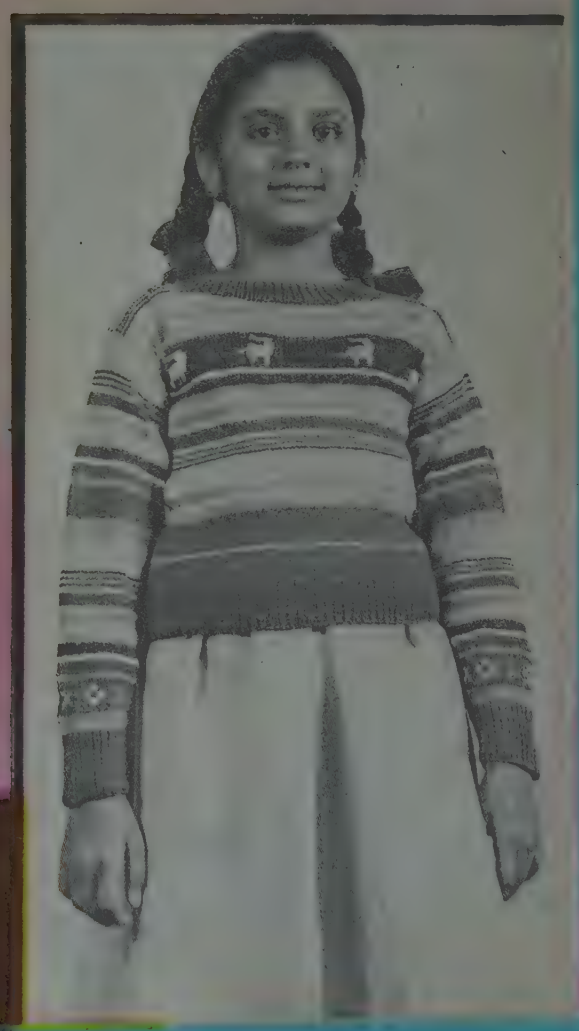
## JERSEY

### FRONT

Instructions: with Red yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 94 sts. and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 cm.

Change to no. 10 needles and st. st. and work in stripes as follows: 10 rows Red, 2 rows Grey, 12 rows Red, * 4 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Blue, 10 rows Purple, 1 row Green, (1 row Purple, 1 row Red) twice, 2 rows

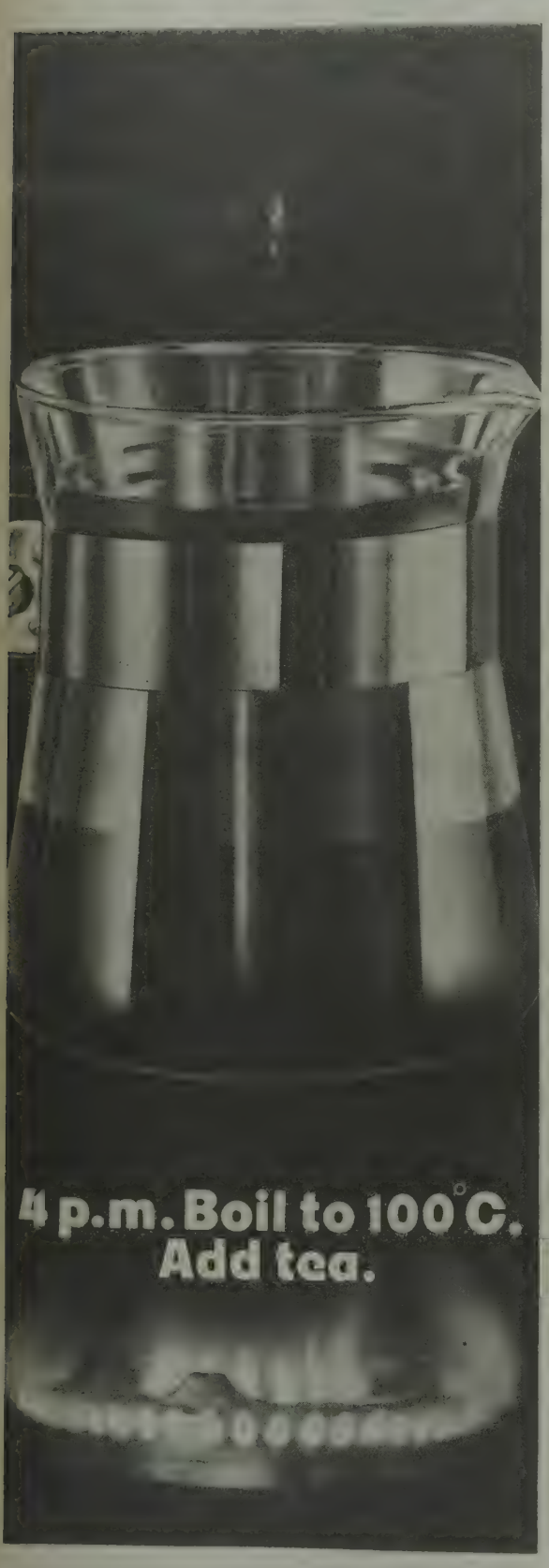


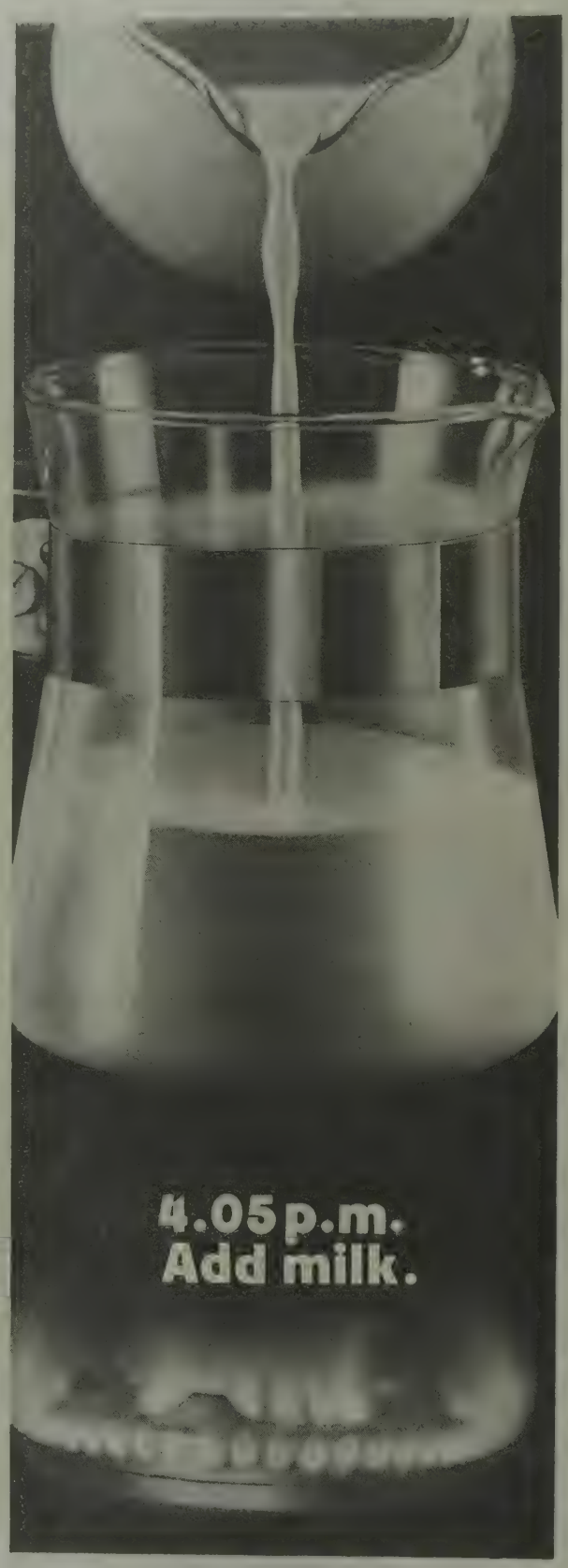


Knitted with "modella" knitting yarn.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

# THE CORNING CARAFE



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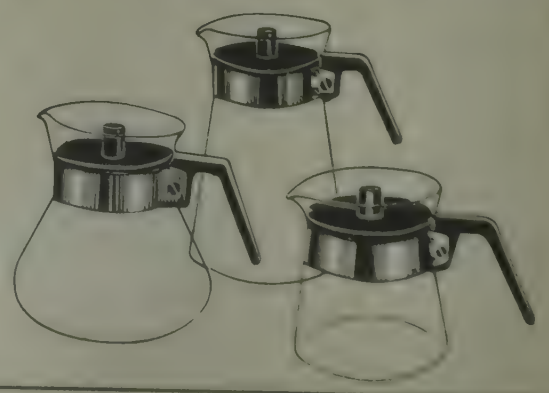

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## A TWIN SET

Purple, 4 rows Red, 2 rows White, 4 rows Blue, 4 rows Purple, 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Green, 2 rows White, 2 rows Green, then work fairisle pattern on next 10 rows (White on Green) working is given motifs spaced at equal distance. 2 rows Green, 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Blue, 4 rows Purple, work should approximately measure 33 cm. in length.

**Shape Neck:** K. 35 sts., cast of next 24 sts., k. 35 sts. continue on last 35 sts.

**Next row:** Purple, p. till end.

**2nd row:** Purple, cast off 5 sts., k. to end.

**3rd row:** Purple, p. to end.

**4th row:** Purple, cast off 3 sts., k. to end.

**5th row:** Purple. As 3rd row.

**6th row:** Green. Dec. 1 st., k. to end.

**7th row:** Purple. As 3rd row.

**8th row:** Red, dec. 1 st., k. to end.

Work next 2 rows Purple, cast off.

Work second side to match first side reversing shapings.

**BACK**

Work as for front but do not work the fairisle pattern but work in plain Green, work to match front till neck, continue in Purple and work for 4 rows then shape neck as follows:

**Next row:** K. 27 sts., cast off 40 sts., k. 27 sts.

Work on last 27 sts., dec 1 st. at neck edge in next 2 alt. rows.

Continue straight till back matches front at shoulder. Cast off.

Work second side to match first side, reversing shapings.

**SLEEVES**

With Red yarn and No. 12 needles cast on 61 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 cm.

Change to no. 10 needles and st. st. inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 8th row till there are 76 sts. on the needle, at the same time work the striped pattern in st. st. as follows:

4 rows Blue, 2 rows Grey, 2 rows Red.

Commence the fairisle pattern on 63 sts.

** **1st row:** K. 6 Red, * 1 White, 1 Red, 2 White, 1 Red, 1 White, 9 Red, rep. from * ending with 6 Red in place of 9 Red.

**2nd row:** P., * 1 White, 1 Red, 1 White, 5 Red, 2 White, 5 Red, rep. from * till last 3 sts., p. 1 White, 1 Red, 1 White.

**3rd row:** K. 1 Red, 1 White, 4 Red, * 2 White, 2 Red, 2 White 4 Red, 1 White, 4 Red, rep. from * ending with k. 2 White, 2 Red, 2 White, 4 Red, 1 White, 1 Red.

**4th row:** P. 1 Red, 1 White, * 4 Red, 2 White, 2 Red, 2 White, 4 Red, 1 White, rep. from * till last st., p. 1 Red.

**5th row:** Inc. 1 st. Red, k. 1 White, 1 Red, 1 White, 5 Red, * 2 White, 5 Red, 1 White, 1 Red, 1 White, 5 Red, rep. from * at the end inc. 1 st. and k. in Red instead of k. 5 Red (60 sts.).

**6th row:** P. 7 Red, * 1 White, 1 Red, 2 White, 1 Red, 1 White, 9 Red, Rep. from * ending with 7 Red instead of 9 Red, fasten off White wool ** Inc. as before and work next 2 rows Red, * 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Red, 2 rows White, 4 rows Green 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Purple 4 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Red, 2 rows Purple (1 row Red, 1 row Purple) twice, 1 row Green, 11 rows Purple, 4 rows Blue, 2 rows Grey, 10 rows Red, rep. colours from * till there are 76 sts. then continue straight till work measures 40 cms. in length. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Join shoulder, side and sleeve seams.

Join sleeves to front and back keeping centre of sleeve on shoulder seam.

**Neck Band:** With Red yarn and a set of no. 11 needles pick up and K. 100 sts. along neck edge and work in rounds of k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rounds. Cast off in rib.

## SLIPOVER

**LOWER FRONT:**

With Red yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 94 sts. and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 7 cm.

Change to no. 10 needles and work 8 rows in st. st. Cast off.

**UPPER RIGHT FRONT**

With Purple yarn and no. 10 needles cast on 108 sts. and starting with a k. row, work 10 rows in st. st.

Continue in st. st. working colours as follows:

1 row Green, (1 row Purple, 1 row Red) twice, 2 rows Purple, 3 rows Red, 2 rows White, 4 rows Blue, 4 rows Purple, 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Green, 2 rows White, 4 rows Red, 2 rows Grey, 2 rows Red, in next 6 rows work the fairisle pattern as given for the sleeve from ** to** then work 2 rows Red, then continue in Red and work next 6 rows in garter st. Cast off.

**UPPER LEFT FRONT**

Work to match right front.

**BACK**

With Red yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 94 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib as for front.

Change to no. 10 needles and st. st., and working stripes as follows:- 10 rows Red, 2 rows Grey, 14 rows Red, 4 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Blue, 2 rows Grey, 4 rows Purple, * 4 rows Blue, 2 rows White, 4 rows Red, 2 rows Purple, (1 row Red, 1 row Purple) twice, 1 row Green, 11 rows Purple, 2 rows Grey, rep. from * twice more, but omit last 2 Grey rows in last repeat. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Join upper front pieces to lower front, keeping garter st. edges at centre front and keep about 2 cm. space between the 2 front edges, when joining to lower portion.

Join sides of back and front upto the first Green row of the back. Join shoulder seam leaving about 5 cms. space for centre back neck. With No. 11 needles and Purple wool pick up 100 sts. along each armhole edge and work 12 rows in garter st. cast off.

With crochet hook and Red wool work a row of dc. at back of neck.

**Arnavaz Dhondy**

# LADY, TAKE A BOW!

When the myth that "women gossip more than men" was exploded the report was heard for miles. That is because women triumphantly carried the news around covering great distances.

If you think that men do not gossip, you can be accused of not "keeping your ear to the ground." This sort of ground work is absolutely necessary in order to establish the fact. If you have been in bar-rooms, billiard-rooms, conference rooms, locker rooms and bathrooms, you will be convinced that men, too, indulge in chatter — not all of it harmless. Businessmen tear their rivals' reputations to shreds in one of these rooms. They also discuss their nocturnal escapades, their sweethearts' stubborn willpower, their assistants' blundering inefficiency and their employers' extraordinary good luck. Poor men berate rich men, rich men ridicule poor men, and the men who are neither rich nor poor find another topic to talk about.

Men, being more accustomed to profanity, give their gossip much more colour. This has led to some men being described as "red-blooded" and accounts for their liking of "blue" films and "green" maidens.

In high society, men are more inclined to gossip after consuming the fourth round, when they become definitely high. Their talk, on these occasions, has been know to descend to the lowest levels, and they do not then hesitate to level barbed accusations against all and sundry.

When men are found conversing at street-corners, it is not always correct to assume they are talking about rising prices. More probably, they are discussing falling hemlines in tones of distinct disappointment. The remarks they are apt to pass when a pretty maid goes by would certainly not pass a morality test. In fact, some men have to consult a dictionary to find out the meaning of the word.

When a man sheds a woman, in the romantic sense, he seldom sheds tears of regret. But often, the woman does. Usually, the man then spreads the word to those interested enough to enquire, that the woman refused to shed anything else. Discarded women are logical topics of conversation at card-tables, when the knaves verbally beat the queens ..to pieces. Even in billiard-rooms, men need only the slightest cue to bring women up and knock them down again like skittles.

So it is quite unfair to say that women gossip more than men. And even if they did, their gossip would lack the abusive force and vocal muscularity of a man's. It is, if you will pardon the expression, "a lot of bull" and I am thankful to have had this little opportunity to even the score.

**George T. Fegradoe**

# IT'S TIME TO DRESS UP!

BELOW : Children out at play — in denims and cottons. Halter and rouched tops match the embroidered and frilly skirts. Patchwork on trousers and jacket worn over a long sleeved shirt gives the boy a smashing look.

ABOVE :
dresses
sleeves,
Frills
delicacy
colourfu
edge.

RIGHT
dresses
pairs
Frills
down

It's time to think of pretty clothes for your dear little ones and to dress them up smartly in these frilly, ruffled, embroidered dresses — dresses that are created with an eye on the budget, practical, durable and washable, which is a boon to busy mothers.
Colours range from bright to pastel shades, plain or checked and of course denims for all year round active fun and frolic!

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y — short and long
shades, puffed-up
gathered up waist.
nmings add to the
ess, perked up with
ery at yoke and skirt

g playmates — casual
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hich allow more free-
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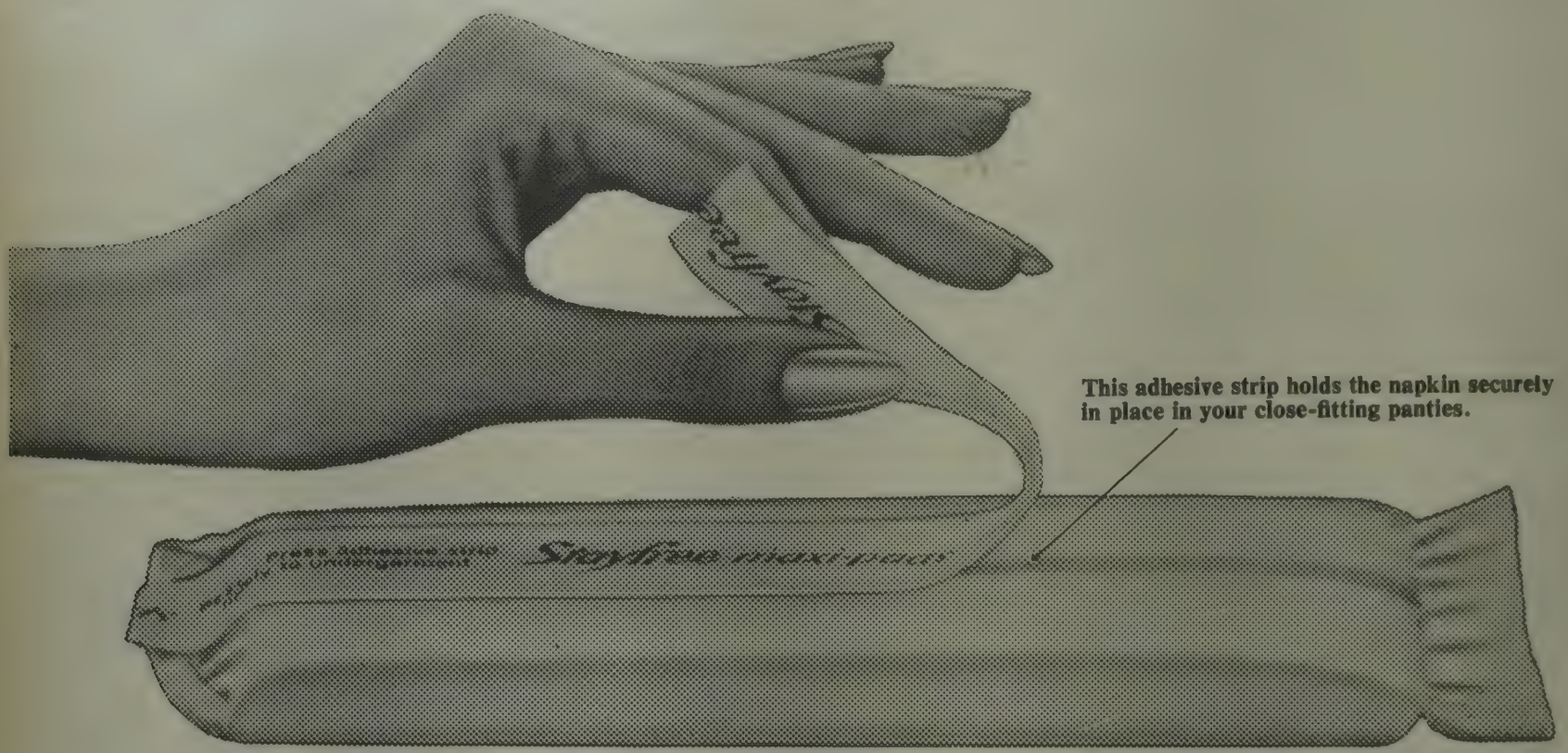
# New Stayfree Beltless Napkins

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

SARLA GOPALAN

# PROMOTING SOCIAL WELFARE SCHEMES

**Jyotsana Kapoor**

Mrs. Sarla Gopalan is the first woman to have been appointed as Secretary of the Central Social Welfare Board, New Delhi. Belonging to the I.A.S. cadre, Mrs. Gopalan is an experienced administrator who has served the Government of Kerala in various capacities since 1963. Always interested in the welfare of women and children, she aims to help the women of remote areas in her new capacity as the Secretary of the Board.

Explaining the nature of her work, Mrs. Gopalan said, "Most of the welfare services

have now been taken over by the State governments. What is required at present is to try and reach the areas where nothing has been done so far. There is a lot of data available on women from all parts of India now, and my main idea is to build up services to help the voluntary organisations to reach people in far away places.

"Though a lot has been done by this Board in the past few years, I feel it has not been done on a very planned basis. Programmes were planned, but the areas were not planned. I would like to help women in different areas by studying in detail their problems areawise, and then try to help improve their working conditions.

"I would like to take over one village, study its needs and difficulties and then start the welfare work for the women. At present, we are rendering about 16 different services all over the country. But what is really missing is the total approach. When we give vocational training to women in a village, the training should be such as would enable them to earn a living after the course is finished. It should be a kind of sustained training."

In every post she has held so far, Mrs. Gopalan has tried to introduce welfare schemes. As Collector of Trivandrum, with the assistance of nationalised banks, she organised a series of programmes for women's economic welfare through Mahila Samajams. Then as the Chairman and Director of a number of public sector companies she was able to make a large number of labour settlements on workloads and wages, etc.

Mrs. Gopalan feels that voluntary organisations can be of great help in achieving the results she desires. "We must have organisations which have branches even in remote areas and they should give functional training to the villagers rather than merely educational like spreading the message of family welfare, hygiene, nutrition and adult education. I want to build up that kind of network in the country. But we must have women with a sense of leadership who can work with dedication."

Mrs. Gopalan says that according to the current programmes undertaken by the Board grants are given to various welfare organisations for socio-economic programmes. "Now we are going to ask them to give us a proper study of needs and skills of the people of an area and then tell us how large a grant is required," she said.

"Then we also want to involve the nationalised banks, so that if we give a grant of rupees one lakh to an organisation to start a programme, the bank can help it by lending more money. This way all the programmes can run successfully and on a permanent basis. We can provide employment to more women. With bank loans there would be no danger of the programme collapsing the moment the grant money finishes. We are also trying our level best to find a market for the products made by these women. No economic programme can be effective if there is no scope to market the products made by the village women."

Mrs. Gopalan says that most of the organisations find it difficult to send women workers to far off places. "So we want them to select an able, middle-aged woman from each village, give her training in account keeping and management and then send her back to the village to do the work of the organisation. But first we have to build up leadership in women and then give them the facilities to equip themselves."

Mrs. Gopalan has to travel a lot as she has to visit all the organisations in different States to see the work being done there. She says that her inspiration to do welfare work came from Japan, where she had gone in 1971 to attend a seminar on the "Administration of the programmes for women."

"They have organised work for different groups of women there and I thought we must do the same in India. We must train the women in a particular area in the work they are good at and then find outlets for their products. For this we must work in co-operation with other departments of the government like the Handicrafts Board and Agriculture."

Mrs. Gopalan has recently been to China as part of a team to study the activities of women's and children's organisations there. The trip was sponsored by UNICEF. "I was quite impressed by their programmes and I think a lot of them can be implemented here. I learnt there that indigenous resources and talent can be harnessed for the better living of the people and the development of the country. They are a very organised people, and I think this is what is required in India too, if we are to achieve some concrete results."

Mrs. Gopalan says that a lot of dedication is required in this work. "It is one thing to implement programmes and another to make them more imaginative, and imaginative projects have more impact." This is exactly what she plans to do in her new job.

**HUMAN INTEREST STORIES**

**If you know someone who has overcome physical handicaps to live a life of courage and joy, send us the story, written in the third person, about 1200 words long and accompanied as far as possible with a photograph of the person.**

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Garden.
Garden*
Garden*
CHIFFON

# TONGUE TICKLERS !

Premila Lal

**A dish of pork vindaloo with its tangy flavour will definitely tickle and tempt the most jaded appetite. Spices add sparkle and zest to your daily cooking. Whole or ground, they impart an individual flavour and can transform a bland dish into a really sumptuous one. The art of spicy cooking lies not in high spicing, but in the delicacy of spicing. Try to enhance the natural flavour of a dish, not overwhelm it. These tongue ticklers will produce masterpieces which will be greeted with a loud encore from your family every time you serve them.**

## SPICY PORK KORMA

½ kg pork, cut into 1-inch cubes
3 large onions finely minced
5 cloves garlic, minced
1 tsp. ground cummin seeds
2 large sticks cinnamon
4 to 5 bay leaves (tej patta)
1½ cups curd
5 large ripe tomatoes, halved
1 tsp. ground ginger
1 tsp. ground pepper
12 cloves
6 to 7 cardamoms
½ cup oil
Salt and chilli powder to taste
Chopped green coriander (optional)

Heat the oil and fry the onions and garlic until brown. Put in the pork meat, fry until brown then cover and let it cook for a while. Add half a cup of water together with ginger, pepper,

Photograph : Farokh Reporte

cummin seeds, cloves, cardamoms, cinnamon, bay leaves and tomatoes. Bring to the boil, then simmer over low flame till the meat is soft. Add the beaten curd and stir occasionally. When the gravy is thick to your liking, serve sprinkled with chopped green coriander.

## PORK VINDALOO

**1½ kg pork**
**2" piece ginger**
**2 large onions**
**6 small red onions**
**2 pods garlic**
**Coriander leaves**
**14 to 20 dried red chillis**
**1 tbsp. vinegar or to taste**
**Salt to taste**
**Ghee or pork fat**

Fry the dry chillis in a little ghee. When the chillis begin to swell, remove from fire and grind into paste, removing the seeds. Crush garlic, ginger and onions separately. Fry garlic in hot ghee. When half fried put in the ginger and onions and chillis. Stir well and put in the pork pieces cut into required size and mix well. Add enough hot water to cook the meat and add salt only when meat is tender. When gravy thickens, put in the coriander leaves and vinegar. Remove when gravy is nice and thick.

## SPICED BOILED POMFRET

**1 pomfret**
**2 eggs**
**¼ tsp. freshly ground pepper**
**½ cup vinegar**
**¼ cup milk**
**2 tsps. flour**
**1 tsp. mustard powder**
**2 green chillis, finely minced**
**4 cloves garlic, finely minced**
**½" piece fresh ginger, finely minced**
**1 capsicum, minced**
**Small bunch mint leaves, minced**
**2 onions, minced**
**Salt to taste**

Wash and cut the fish into thick slices and place in a pan. Sprinkle with salt and all the minced ingredients, except the onions Add water to just cover the fish and boil briskly until the fish is cooked. Remove the slices onto a flat dish and keep warm.

Heat some oil in a pan and fry the onions to a light brown colour. Meanwhile beat the eggs well and add flour, mustard and vinegar. Blend to a smooth batter. Gradually beat in the fish stock. Add this mixture to the fried onions and simmer on a low fire until it begins to thicken. Stir constantly. Pour over the fish slices and serve hot.

## SPICY CHILLI CON CARNE

**1 kg ground mutton**
**1 cup red beans (rajma)**
**4 large onions**
**6 cloves garlic**
**3 tbsps. chilli powder**
**1 capsicum**
**2 tbsps. cummin seed powder**
**2 green chillis, minced**
**3 cups tomatoes, peeled and chopped**
**4 cloves**
**2 bay leaves (tej patta)**
**4 peppercorns**
**2 tbsps. cornflour**
**½ cup salad oil**

Soak the beans overnight. Chop the onions, garlic, and capsicum. Heat the oil and fry till brown. Put in the chilli powder, cloves, bay leaves, peppercorns, cummin seed and the meat. Brown together till dry and add six cups of water and salt to taste. Simmer for an hour. Meanwhile cook the beans separately till tender. When meat is tender, put in the beans and peeled and chopped tomatoes. Cook for twenty-five minutes stirring occasionally. Add cornflour and cook till thickened.

## GOA FISH CURRY

**500 grams fish**
**1 tbsp. ghee**
**Salt to taste**
KEEP IN A SAUCER AND SPRINKLE WITH SALT :
**3 large onions, sliced**
**3 green chillis, sliced lengthwise**
**1 raw mango, stoned and quartered**
GRIND TO A PASTE :
**6 dry red Goa chillis**
**5 cloves garlic**
**3 tsps. coriander seeds**
**2 tsps. poppy seeds**
**½ tsp. cummin seeds**
**10 cashewnuts**
**½ coconut, scraped**
**Small ball tamarind**

Mix the ground masala with the fish in a pan. Add the water from the stone and additional water to make four cups. Place the pan on the fire and boil until the gravy begins to thicken. Turn down the flame and add the onion, green chillis and mango. Simmer until the fish is cooked. Add the ghee and remove the pan from the fire. Cover and let stand for two minutes before serving. Serve with boiled rice and fried, salted fish.

## TITORI (PARSI)

**450 grams titori (sprouted val dhal)**
**3 large onions**
**1 ripe tomato**
**2 tbsps. grated coconut**
**2-3 red dry chillies**
**½ tsp. turmeric**
**1½ inch piece of fresh ginger**
**3 cloves garlic**
**1 tbsp. grated jaggery (gur)**
**1 tsp. cummin seed**
**Salt to taste**
**2 tbsp. oil**
**1 cup thick coconut milk**

Slice the onions finely and chop the tomatoes. Grind together the grated coconut, chillies, turmeric, ginger, garlic, cummin-seed and half the jaggery to a smooth paste. Heat oil and fry the onions till pale brown, add tomatoes, ground masala and cook for another 5 minutes. Put in the sprouted dhal, salt and a cupful of water. Cover and cook till almost dry. Add coconut milk and remaining jaggery. Simmer till tender. Sprinkle a little chopped coriander leaves before serving if desired.

## IRANIAN MUTTON MIX

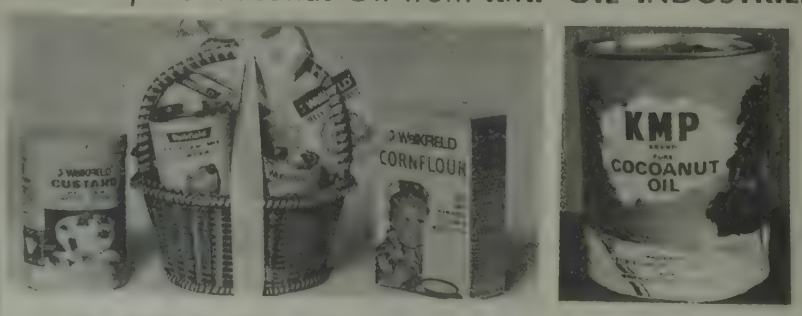
**1 kg mutton**
**½ tsp. turmeric powder**
**2 cups vinegar**
**1½ cups sweet oil**
**Salt to taste**
**4 green chillis (split lengthwise)**
**1 bunch coriander leaves (finely chopped)**
GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:
**6 flakes garlic**
**1-inch piece ginger**
**2-inch piece cinnamon**
**6 cardamoms**
**6 cloves**
**8 peppercorns**
**¼ kg cashewnuts (optional)**
**¼ kg groundnuts**

Take a large pan and miv the ground masala with the vinegar, salt, oil, turmeric, green chilli, coriander leaves and the washed mutton cut into cubes. Let the mixture marinate well for two hours before cooking. Then put the pan on a very low flame and gently simmer until the meat is tender. Serve hot with chappatis.

## NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

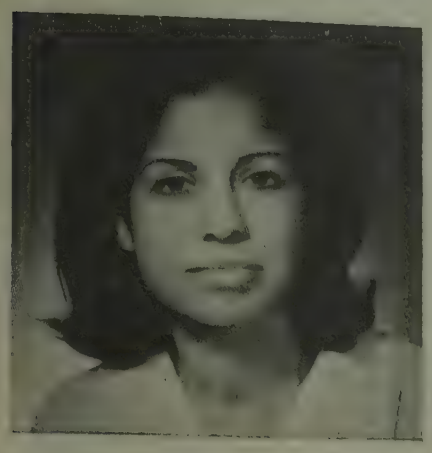
**Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,**

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.




**So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.**

# RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Aureen Pramar, Indore.

## LIVER CROQUETTES

250 grams liver
2 onions
2 eggs, hard boiled
1 egg, beaten
4 flakes garlic
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 green chillis
2 tbsps. butter
A pinch nutmeg
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. aji-no-moto
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. breadcrumbs
Fat for frying

Melt half of the butter and saute in the chopped liver till almost tender. Add finely chopped onion and fry for a minute or two longer. Add chopped garlic, chillis and coriander and fry. Add finely chopped boiled eggs and all other seasonings. Remove and stir in about half the breadcrumbs to form a thick consistency. Shape into cigar-shaped croquettes and dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown.

Miss Anne Duckworth, Mysore

## SPINACH MEAT WITH PAPAYA

1 kg meat
1 small green papaya
1 cup thick curd
3 bunches spinach leaves
4 onions, ground
1 pod garlic, ground
1 large piece ginger, ground
10 cloves, ground
2-2" piece cinnamon, ground
2 cardamoms, ground
2 tsps. red chilli powder
1 tsp. pepper powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
4 medium sized ripe tomatoes
2 large bunches coriander leaves
4 bunches fenugreek leaves
4 tbsps. coconut oil
4 tbsps. coconut, finely grated
Salt to taste
1 bunch mint leaves

GRIND TO A PASTE :

1 tsp. broiled jeera
15 cashewnuts
1 tsp. coriander
1 tsp. mustard

Wash and cut the meat into pieces.

In a vessel allow meat to marinate in salt and one cup of thick curds for about half an hour.

Meanwhile, skin and dice the papaya. Wash the spinach leaves well. Do not cut the leaves.

Finely chop the coriander, fenugreek and mint leaves. Quarter the tomatoes.

Now, to the meat, add the diced papaya, whole spinach leaves, ground masalas, red chilli powder, pepper powder, turmeric powder, quartered tomatoes, finely chopped coriander, mint, fenugreek leaves, grated coconut and the coconut oil.

Mix thoroughly and simmer on a low flame till the meat is tender. Add a little water or coconut milk if necessary.

# WEEKLY WINNER

## ANJU KHANNA
## Madras.

Mrs. Khanna, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

## EGG PAKORA KADHI

5-6 cups sour curd
2-3 tbsps. gram flour
4 eggs
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
½ tsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. salt, turmeric powder and garam-masala powder
A pinch of asafoetida
Oil for frying

FOR SEASONING :

1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. red chilli powder

FOR THE BATTER :

2 tbsps. gram flour
½ tsp. baking powder, red chilli powder, salt

Hard boil the eggs. Prepare a thin batter from the flour. Mix in salt, baking powder and chilli powder. Mix well. Keep aside. Remove the egg shells. Slice each egg into 4-5 even slices. Heat oil in a karahi. Dip each egg slice in the above batter and deep fry. Keep these pakoras aside.

Beat curds well. Add salt, turmeric powder and gram flour. Mix well. Heat two tablespoons oil in a karahi. Add a pinch of asafoetida and the curry leaves. When it begins to splutter add fenugreek seeds and coriander seeds. Finally add the curds. Boil for ten minutes. Now add the fried egg-pakoras. Simmer for ten minutes. Heat one teaspoon ghee. Add cum min seeds and red chilli powder. Pour this over the prepared egg pakora kadhi. Sprinkle fresh corinder leaves and garam masala powder. Serve hot with rice.

## COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

### New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

**All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes — non-vegetarian or vegetarian — according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.**

November, 1979
FESTIVE SWEETS

December, 1979
CAKES

January, 1980
FRESH FRUIT DESSERTS

**All entries for November should reach us by October 5, December entries by November 5, and January entries by December 5, 1979.**

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

### Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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BANSAL BROS.,
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CHANDULAL DURGAPRASAD
Bankipur, Patna.

Interpub/AM/2/79


# PASSING THROUGH

RONNIE LYNTON

## A BOOK ON HYDERABAD

A couple of years ago, lovers of India were pleasantly surprised to find a beautiful book about India available in the bookshops. Called the "Days of the Beloved", it was about Hyderabad, and the sixth Nizam whose name was Mahboob Ali Pasha. The word 'Mahboob' means 'beloved', and Mahboob Ali Pasha was such a ruler — beloved of all his subjects.

The book, written by Ronnie Lynton and Mohini Rajan, provides a sympathetic and deep insight into the life and times of Mahboob Ali Pasha. The opening chapter describes the romantic disposition of the Ruler who, as a young man, went about dressed incognito, like Haroun Al-Rashid, to find out how his subjects lived and also to see if he could help them in any way.

Where did Ronnie Lynton and Mohini Rajan find these incidents? "They read like a fairy tale, but they're absolutely true," says Mrs. Lynton. "Mehboob Ali Pasha was alive not so long ago, and people who had seen him were still alive when we started our book. Since then many have died. I am so glad we did interview them when we did — if not, all those interesting anecdotes would have been lost forever."

"It was an unbelievable world," says Ronnie Lynton, "unbelievable but true..."

Mohini Rajan who was a Hyderabadi and collaborated with Mrs. Lynton on the book has also died since.

Ronnie was born in Minnesota, grew up there and went to Radcliffe, then to Bryn Mawr and worked with the U.S. Government during the war. She then joined the Harvard Business School. In 1955 she came to India with her husband Rolf Lynton. They spent 12 years, here, were based in Sri Lanka but spent a good deal of time in India. Ronnie has two girls whose names are Maya and Nandini They do have family names and could use them, but prefer to use their Indian names. The Lyntons also have a little boy whom they adopted when he was 24 hours old. He is Indian and his name is Devidas.

"Mohini and I got interested in the idea of a book on Hyderabad," she said, "and then we read and read and read. I met

literally hundreds of old people — to collect as much personal experience as I could. Then I went back to the States and we corresponded."

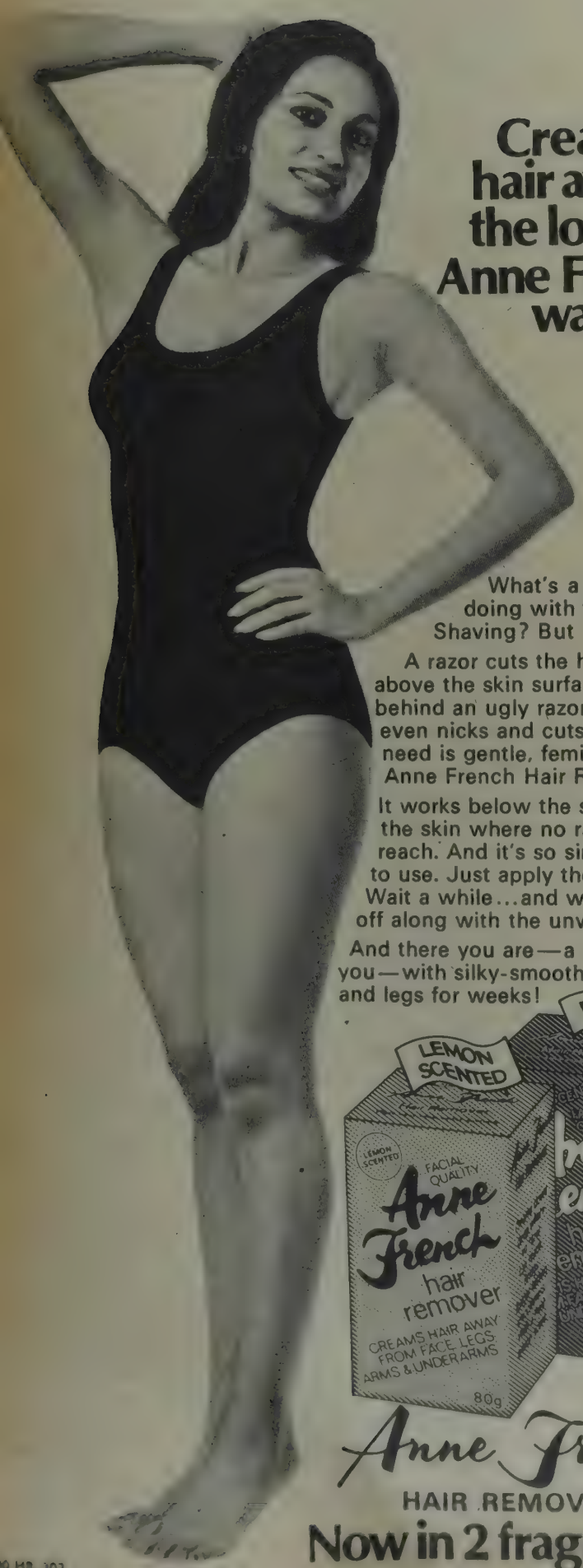
Ronnie has another interest. "I am **so** concerned about old buildings," she says. "You know how it is. Every time you see them they look just a little older perhaps, like old people, and then suddenly one day they're too old for anything." There is one beautiful old building which belonged to Nawab Fakhr-ul-Mulk. "Now that," she says, "has such a beautiful ceiling. It needs to be preserved and to be shown off. If the old buildings had received a little attention earlier, they would not be needing so much now."

Her book has been published by the University of California Press. Ronnie says she was not at all sure how it would go down with people, but it has been surprisingly successful.

Already she is working on another book — a life of Salar Jung. She cannot read Persian, so she has somebody to translate for her. It is tiring and tedious, but immensely rewarding. Back in Carolina, Ronnie is certain she will be in India again quite soon.

**Bilkiz Alladin**

# Leave that razor alone!



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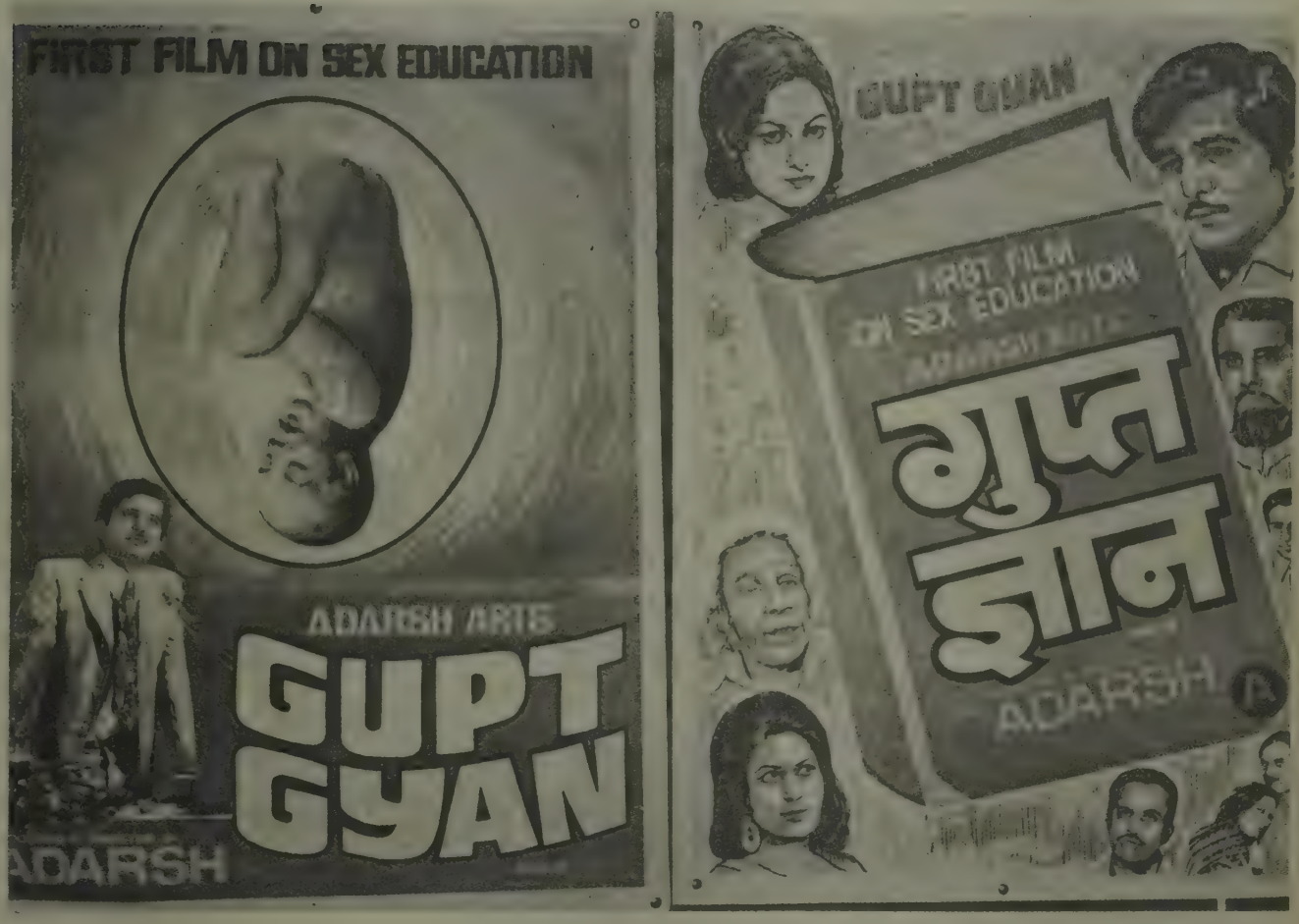
# SEX EDUCATION IN FILMS or purveying soft porn?

**Meher Pestonji**

**CLAIMING TO BE EDUCATIVE, THESE FILMS ARE REALLY MEANT TO TITILLATE OUR SEX STARVED AUDIENCES AND MAKE A LARGE PROFIT FOR THE PRODUCER ON A SMALL INVESTMENT**




One look at the ad is enough to tell you that the film is yet another cheap gimmick. Not only is the language sensation provoking with key words conveniently misspelt, it also promises more than a film can seriously hope to achieve. As if that were not enough, the credits state that it is dedicated to "the victims of sex mania." What is "sex mania" and who are its 'victims'? The spurious, patronising tone can scarcely conceal the insidious titillation as "Stree Purush" churns out instance after instance of sex maladies and sexual dysfunction without so much as a touch of sensitivity or good taste. As such, it certainly fails to educate and even the information dished out is at times dubious.

The film opens with a couple on their wedding night. The husband is unable to consummate the marriage and spends the next two months running from one blatant quack to another doling out rupees by the thousands. At last he brings his problem to a doctor in the family who assures him that there is nothing wrong with him physically, and that all he needs is to develop confidence in himself as a human being. After the doctor has a chat with his wife and enlists her cooperation, the couple's problem is apparently solved.


3rd HOUSE FULL WEEK
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stree purush
DIRECTED BY Rajkumar
STRAND JAIHIND
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Though over 80 per cent of impotence cases do have a psychological rather than a physical cause, this trite and superficial portrayal undermines the impact of psychological trauma. It seems to imply that a psychological trauma is not real, that it is merely a question of willpower or mind over matter. Actually, the man who finds himself impotent suffers a loss of self-esteem as the concepts of ego and male virility are closely linked in his subconscious, and the impact of impotence can be crippling in other spheres of life such as his performance at work. The individual may get trapped in a vicious circle which threatens to perpetuate itself.

Moreover, psychological impotence is more often than not a temporary phenomenon regardless of the duration of the period it lasts, and it is estimated that one man in ten experiences it at least once in his life. Again, there are several types of impotence (erectile failure, premature ejaculation, ejaculatory failure, to mention just three of the most common) each requiring a different kind of treatment. A film that claims to educate should have drawn attention to these facts.

The next problem tackled is frigidity which, in the film, is cured by hypnosis. In actual practice, most medics are wary of using hypnosis, partly because many still regard it as synonymous with quackery, and partly even in those cases where hypnosis has been used, the prognosis is dubious. At best hypnosis is considered effective only temporarily. Misleading the public by proferring quick cures to sensitive problems can actually do more harm than good.

However, there were positive angles in the film maker's treatment of both the situations. Both impotence and frigidity were treated as not one individual's problem but rather as a couple-

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## SEX EDUCATION IN FILMS OR PURVEYING SOFT PORN?

problem in which the non-affected partner was also counselled. It is important to recognise that when one partner is affected by sexual dysfunction the spouse is also affected by the emotional trauma and his/her understanding and cooperation are a vital ingredient in affecting a cure. The film makers tried to convey this but in a limited way. While they showed the need for cooperation from the non-affected partner, they failed to recognise that he/she would also experience feelings of inadequacy and would also need some kind of sustenance and nurturing through this period.

If the first critique against "Stree Purush" is that it is oversimplistic and does not provide quite accurate solutions, the second has to be the constant tone of moralising that permeates the film. In order to be valid, scientific information necessarily needs to steer clear of passing value judgments, the approach being to understand and bring understanding, not to judge and hold up for judgment.

In the film, the prostitute is relentlessly berated and exhorted to give up her wicked ways. The man who gets V.D. is literally threatened with refusal of medical treatment if he visits a brothel again. The unstated assumption in such an attitude is that these persons are depraved and have to be whipped back onto the straight and narrow path of middle class morality (somehow moral codes do not apply to the privileged and no one cares about the morality of those who can barely eke out a living), not that they are persons with problems, whose problems enmesh them in further problems.

Perhaps the film makers assume that taking a moral stance lends respectability to their film. In fact, it only exposes the smallness of their minds. If the privileges of birth and education deprive a doctor of his sensitivity and humanity, and make him a moralizing, lecturing saint, he is perpetuating the biggest fraud of them all — doling out remedies without understanding the patient or his problem which he can only see at surface level.

A thin story-line holds disjointed pieces of information together. The man recovered from impotence becomes a sex-therapist and goes around giving a series of lectures to various sections of the population — students, factory workers, women's groups — simultaneously building up a private practice.

The group of male college students provides a frank dialogue with the doctor answering questions on masturbation (it does not cause madness nor shrink the genitals), nocturnal emissions (there is no danger of the semen drying up as the body's natural processes replace it), homosexuality and penis size (it has nothing to do with virility) thus clearing many adolescent doubts.

However, a similar group of young girls talking to a woman doctor only question her on menstruation and menstrual problems. Are women supposed to have no curiousity about sex? If so, why were there so many women watching the film in the audience? And what about the need for pre-marital sex information (i.e. information on what is sexual intercourse, what are the difficulties likely to be experienced on the first night, how to adjust later) for both the male and female adolescent groups? Perhaps with their heavy emphasis on morality, our filmmakers did not consider this important enough, believing, as our grandmothers did, that nature will teach in its own course. But then, our grandmothers did not make sex education films.

Perhaps the most useful piece of information is contained in the section on foetal development which depicts how the sex of the child is determined. The film makes it clear that it is the male's sperm that determines whether the unborn child will be a girl or boy. It has nothing to do with what a woman eats, what work she does or which gods she propitiates. In our country this should serve as an eye-opener for those who endlessly hold a woman responsible for fulfilling her karma by producing a son.

Of course, the film would not have been complete without re-hashing the now familiar precepts of family planning and its jargon — loop (IUD), condom, pill, jelly, and if all fails, abortion. Here too there is little attempt to give comprehensive information (e.g. what are the side effects of abortion), but one may excuse that on the ground that this subject has been much better covered in a series of Films Division documentaries.

"Stree Purush" tackles far too many issues, and tackles them all superficially, thus failing to do justice to any of them. The film makers' conjecture that over 80 per cent of our population live with myths and misconceptions in regard to sexual matters is not an exaggeration, and there is little question that sex education is sorely needed in our country. However, it is debatable whether serious sex education is at all a subject for a feature film. A series of short films centering on specific problem issues and dealing with them in depth would appear to serve the purpose better. But the financial outlay on such a project would be greater, the returns on profits less, so it is hardly likely to materialize. Those wanting information are stuck with having to make do with misinformation.

"Stree Purush" was made several years ago and was banned during the emergency when censorship rules placed a blanket ban on all sex films. The early '70s saw a sudden spate of so-called sex education films like "Kaam Shastra", "Gupt-Gyan", which the producers managed to get exempted from entertainment tax on the grounds that they were "primarily educational." The credits of "Gupt-Gyan", in fact, carried a long string of M.P.s' names endorsing the film as primarily elucational. To the discerning it was evident that the film was released, passed by the censors, and exempted from entertainment tax only on the strength of the producer's political connections.

Actually, these films are not educational, they are exploitative. They are cheap to make and a heavy box office return is guaranteed because of the curiosity and social taboos that surround the subject of sex. But the most objectionable part about this genre of films is not just the blatant gimmickry to make a fast buck, for most film makers are primarily business men. It is that the fast buck is made at the expense of misleading the public in an area of deep sensitivity, an area already swamped by myths and misconceptions. Such film makers are hardly different from charlatans who dupe the public by offering instant remedies.


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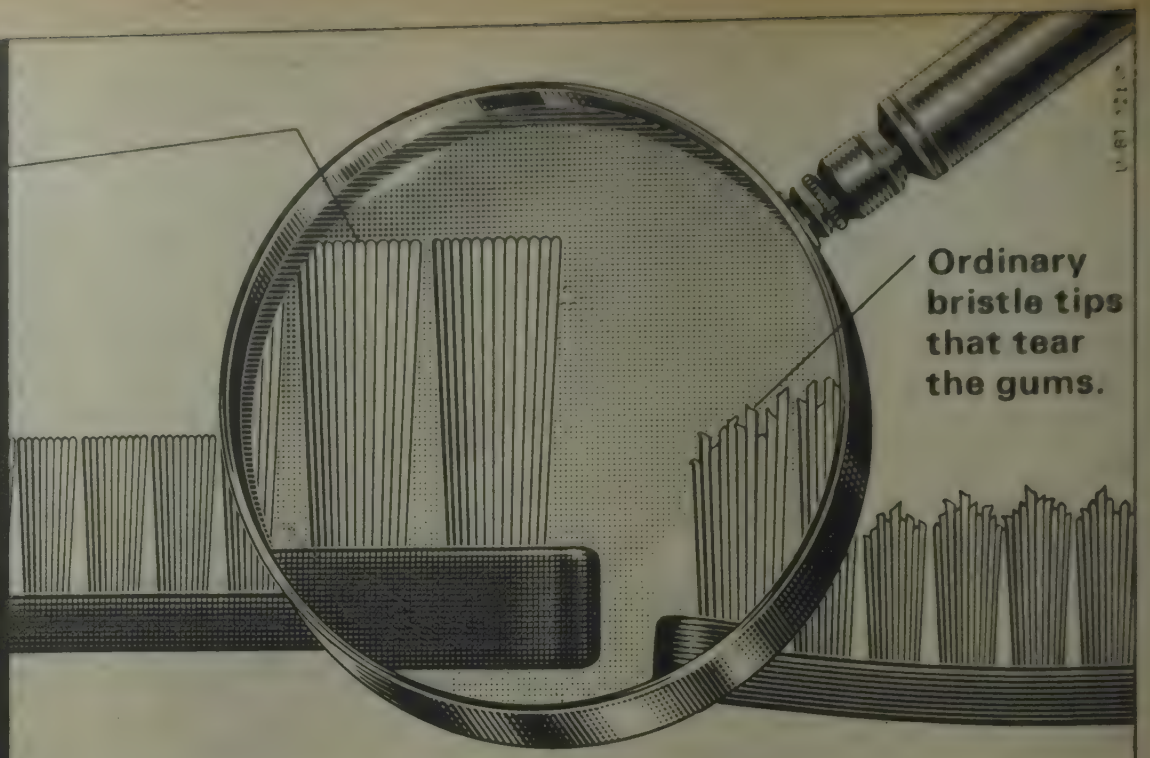


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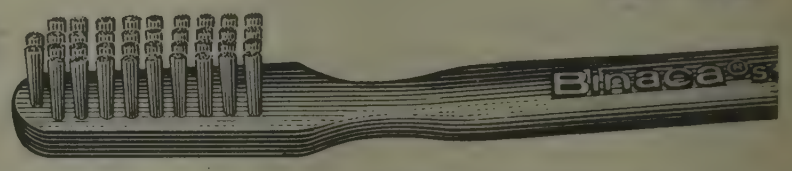


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## Palmolive Family Shampoo– Good, rich shampoo for your family

Photograph: Rakesh Shreshtha

# HEMA MALINI: "nothing has changed"

## Vijaya Irani

When Hema's aunt gave me directions to the place where the star would be shooting ("a new fully air-conditioned studio complex") I was not quite prepared for the dream of a working place called Gauri Studio or Seth Studio. Not only is it fully air-conditioned, but each room stands comparison with any of our five-star hotel suites.

In one such regal looking green-and-white room sat Hema, putting on makeup for "Kudrat" being directed by Chetan Anand. The years of working so hard in films once she achieved the big time seemed to be taking their toll of her — not so much physically as in her attitude, her perspective, her thinking.

No, sir, she does not look forward to interviews, has not given any of late by choice. Why should she? She practically glares at me as if challenging me to find an answer to that, her chin pushed out defiantly. But I wanted no challenges, only an interview.

So Hema cooled down, shrugged her shapely shoulders, and cooed, "Oh well, I'll meet you on a friendly level, so let's talk when I am through with giving this first shot and the work has settled down a bit. Okay?" She wasn't in too good a mood even then; there was something bothering her. Later I found it was an urgent call she had to put through and she was also troubled by a cough and congestion of the chest.

She explained that she had reached a point where she just did not care what they said or what they wrote about her. The few unwilling interviews she had been forced to give, may or may not have been printed for all she cared. She either forgot to read them or just missed them totally. "You see, it is this busy routine. I have so many hassles trying to keep up my schedules with the producers that I do not have any time to sit and read what I have said or what anyone else has said. And then in the case of interviews, mostly everyone is misquoted all the time, so what's the use of going into it at all? It is not necessary for me to do it. There is no advantage in it!"

"Do you always do things only for some advantage?" I asked.

"Well, at least I try not to do things which may work against me."

"What is this rumour about your wanting to retire from films?" I asked.

"Is it possible to do so? Will they let me? As it is, I have so much work that I find it near impossible to adjust myself to the work schedule. I was on triple shifts, much against my will, last fortnight, and now I am on double shifts. I am trying to complete at least ten films by the end of this year. Most of these are in the finishing stages, so I am giving dates to get them through. Only then can I at least start on the next lot I have taken. As long as so much work is going on, how can one talk of retiring?"

Although the average span of a star's working life is short, there is no definite period during which stars will work, and no one can predict how long a star will work, but the strain is so heavy. What keeps her going?

"At this stage no other consideration except that I am taking up work mechanically. I am working just for the sake of working. The momentum is so strong that I just keep going at this pace. Yes, I have made up my mind to be selective, but there is no more that burning desire to do this or that, to achieve this or that ambition, to work with this or that director."

Just then Dharmendra came in to say Hi and Bye, for he was shooting next door at Natraj. She asked him to stay on for lunch, but he touched his midriff saying he wanted to diet and went away in spite of our attempts to make him stay.

"What about things between you two?" I asked, referring to the rumour that professionally and emotionally they were drifting apart.

"Nothing will change between us if I can help it. I will always keep doing films with him. We are getting films together and we will do them. If I have 20 films ten will be with him and the rest with other heroes. We are going to Hong Kong and then the States for the shooting of two films. No one asks the producers, 'please star us together.' We are being offered films by them, so it is going on, and I intend to keep it that way."

Lunch break was announced and I left, with my list of rumours demolished.

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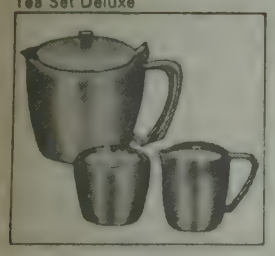

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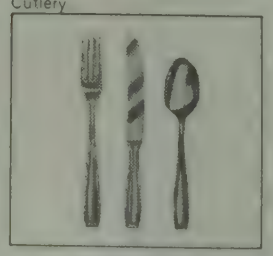

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# Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

*"Anacin is a big help for quick relief from the miseries of colds and flu"*
*says Nurse Natalia D'Souza*

## What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

## What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

## Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia and infection of the upper respiratory tract.

## How does Anacin help?

Anacin relieves the misery of colds and flu. Anacin is strong—it contains more of the pain-reliever doctors most recommend all over the world. Anacin is trusted by millions. It is a combination of medicines like a doctor's trusted prescription. So at the first signs of cold or flu take Anacin four times a day.

## What else should you do?

- Drink plenty of fluids, boiled water, orange or sweet lime juice
- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated

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From the Anacin Division of Geoffrey Manners
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A24-8/79

# BEAUTY BULLETIN

## TO SOFTEN HANDS

**My hands have become rough after doing household chores. Please suggest a home remedy to soften them. Any exercise for graceful hands?**

**J. H. (Bombay)**

Glycerine is good for the skin, but not if the skin is broken. Glycerine mixed with rose water keeps hands soft and also prevents chapping.

Or take a little honey and smear over your hands and let it remain for some time. Then rinse well.

Try this exercise to make your hands supple and graceful: Stand with feet together, arms forward at shoulder level. Spread your fingers wide and up, then curl them tight and down. Repeat for five minutes.

## WART ON CHEEK

**I am fair-skinned and have a flawless complexion. But my problem is a small wart on my left cheek near the nose. I want to get rid of it.**

**Any remedy for puffy eyelids?**

**G. H. (Pune)**

Don't try any do-it-yourself methods to remove the wart—it may have harmful effects. It can be removed by surgery, so consult a qualified person.

Some warts are real beauty marks. Is yours?

Given here is a remedy for puffy eyelids. Soak cottonwool pads in ice water and place them over closed eyelids. Lie down for about 15 minutes. Cucumber slices are also effective in this condition.

## TRY HOT OIL TREATMENT

## BRITTLE HAIR

**Of late my hair has become brittle. Is it because I have been out in the sun too long and too often?**

**Please suggest a suitable hairstyle for me. I have a heart-shaped face and want to keep my hair short.**

**V. D. (Delhi)**

Sunlight helps growth of hair but strong sunlight robs the hair and skin of their moisture which results in weakening the hair. Try to keep away from the sun, but if you must, protect your hair from excessive sunlight by covering it with a scarf or carrying a parasol.

Try hot oil treatment for your hair. Part hair in sections and massage warm olive oil into the scalp. Then wring out a towel in hot water and wrap it round your head. When this cools off, use another towel. Repeat for fifteen minutes. Then shampoo the hair using a mild shampoo. This should be done weekly.

Your face is wide at the forehead and cheekbones with a narrow chin. A short full flip will add width to your chin. If you keep your hair close to the crown and temples, it will emphasize your wide forehead and narrow chin all the more. And don't keep your hair shorter than chin length.

# WOMEN IN FOCUS

**MANDIRA DASGUPTA**

## INVOLVED IN TAXING PROBLEMS

When, in 1973, Mandira Das-Gupta, a housewife and a mother, secured the 9th place in the senior group of the West Bengal Civil Service and joined the Commercial Taxes Directorate of the state, she found to her surprise that she was the only woman officer in the department. She still is.

Earlier, she had topped her class in the M.A. exam in Economics in Jadavpur University, and worked as a lecturer in the Lady Brabourne and Shri Shikshayatan colleges. But she preferred to work in taxes because she wanted to be more involved in the State's economy. Adds Mandira, "Also, college staff-rooms are almost as politics-ridden as any other place, though girls' colleges are probably better. But one cannot expand. The outsider's notion of a college being a meeting ground of dedicated academicians is largely a myth."

No such myth attaches to an office, and Mandira is perfectly at home in her present surroundings. Already established as one of the brightest and most knowledgeable officers of the department, she enjoys excellent rapport with her male colleagues.

To the central government's repeated proposals to abolish Sales Tax, she reacts cautiously, "I don't favour it as such unless the states are given more room to raise money and additional resources by recasting the centre-states financial ties. This should not be done in isolation as the states are severely restricted in the fiscal sphere, much more than they are politically."

Mandira, however, is far better known outside the prosaic walls of the tax building. A student of the famous 'Gitabitan' school since childhood, she has grown into a fine Rabindrasangeet singer, with a string of performances to her credit on stage and over AIR as a member of the Gitabitan team. Currently stationed at Asansol, she is busy organising Tagore operas and dance dramas at different centres in this coal mining district.

A President's Girl Guide since 1962, she has been for the past three years a District Commissioner of Bharat Scouts and Guides. During this time more schemes have been launched and service centres opened for the benefit of the underprivileged in her area than ever in the past and the district she represents has since become more active and adopted dynamic and forward looking policies as was effectively demonstrated during the National Jamboree recently held in Madras.

Mandira, while in her mid-teens, was Bengal's No. 2 swimmer in the women's breast-stroke and represented her state in the national aquatics. Apart from swimming which remains her favourite pastime, her other hobbies include doll making, innovative cooking, sewing and batik painting. Mother of two, and a devoted wife and daughter-in-law, Mandira, now 33, finds ample time for all that she wants to do.

"Everything has been possible," says Mandira, "because I am lucky to have a most understanding family. One thing I have always received in abundance from them is encouragement, like my parents used to give me before I got married. In fact, I owe a lot to my husband who is a staunch supporter of womens' lib in the best sense of the term and an ideal life-partner." He is a senior Railway officer presently posted at Asansol, and the two make one of the most likable and popular couples in the area.

**Ratna Chandrasekharan**

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# THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

YOU DON'T SAY!! DID SHE REALLY DO THAT? WOW!
THAT IS REALLY WILD!
OF COURSE, MABEL - I PROMISE I WON'T REPEAT IT TO ANOTHER HUMAN BEING!
YOU CAN TRUST ME!
NOW, WHY DID I TELL HER THAT?
IT'S SUCH A JUICY STORY.... HOW CAN I EVER KEEP IT TO MY-SELF?
I'VE GOT TO TELL SOMEBODY!
MABEL - DO YOU CONSIDER HERBERT A HUMAN BEING?
?
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2-18

# THAT'S A LAUGH!

A beautiful blonde filled in the job application. The personnel director looked over it, then said, "Miss Johnson, under 'Experience' could you be a little more specific than just 'Oh, boy!'?"

* * *

"Mary, I want you home by ten o'clock," a father ordered his teenage daughter.

"But Daddy, I'm not a child any longer."

"That's right. That's why I want you home no later than ten o'clock."

* * *

He was despondent. "The woman I love has just turned me down," he told his friend. "She won't marry me."

"Don't be disheartened," said his friend, trying to ease his misery. "Don't you realise that a woman's no, often means yes?"

"But she didn't say no," he answered. "She said phooey."

* * *

"There's one word that will make me the happiest man in the world. Will you marry me?"

"No."

"That's the word."

* * *

A new arrival was stopped at the Pearly Gates.

"I'm sorry," explained St. Peter, "but you told too many lies on earth. You can't come into heaven."

"Come now, St. Peter," begged the man. "Have a little understanding. You were once a fisherman yourself."

* * *

At lunch one woman said to her friend: "I don't know what to do. The other night I dreamed Suresh was having lunch with a beautiful girl and they were laughing together."

"Oh, for God's sake, Sunita," protested her friend. "It was only a silly dream."

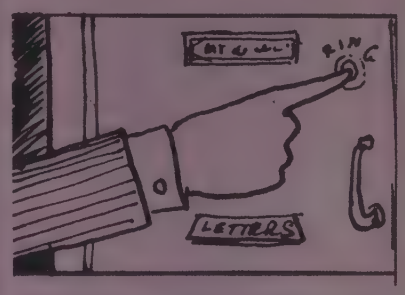
"Only a dream," repeated the other. "But if he does such things in my dreams can you imagine what he must do in his?"

* * *

A researcher in sociology, making a survey on homosexuality, rang the bell of a flat. The man who answered the door, responded to his question. "Homosexuality? I never heard of the word. Wait, I'll ask my wife."

Turning his head, he called, "Hey, Harry!"

* * *




First Secretary: "Did you pick up any Italian on your vacation in Italy?"

Second Secretary: "I'll say I did."

First Secretary: "Let me hear you say some words."

Second Secretary: "I didn't learn any words."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty large (30 g.) plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 1001 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs. 11.

Please write the answer, as well as your name and address, in English only, and in block letters.

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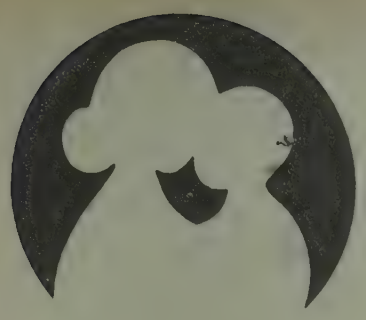

# GOPI

**Chitra Chockalingam**

"INTERNATIONAL Year of the Child," "International Year of the Child," screamed the magazine covers from the shops as Gopi, aged ten, wandered slowly along with the lunch basket. Every now and then he would stop, put the basket down and rub his hands together and then pull up his shorts which were continuously slipping down, being a size too large for him. His shirt was also too large, but he didn't mind that for he did not remember ever wearing anything that fitted him perfectly. In fact, he quite enjoyed his daily walk to the big school. Everything he saw on the way thrilled him — the huge posters, the fast cars and the school itself.

He loved to watch the cars. Maybe, one day he would have a ride in one. Ravi's father had a car. Sometimes, when Ravi went to school, Gopi would rush from the kitchen where he was working and watch with shining eyes the big car start, but he didn't do it too often. Once the milk had boiled over and the old lady in the house had boxed his ears.

Now, as he neared the school, he hung on to his trousers and went in, to stand under the cassia tree. The bell had not yet rung, the bell for lunch when hundreds of hungry boys trooped out, rushing and pulling at each other.

Gopi loved to listen to their gossip and he always enjoyed the time just before the bell rang.

There were the older women in the corner. Gopi was surprised to find most of them wearing brightly coloured new sarees. "Was it a festival or something?" he asked the woman nearby. She gave a snort.

"Festival indeed! This is the saree the Government gave us yesterday. A saree and fifty kilos of rice — rice they call it. I boiled mine for three hours and still it was not cooked."

She paused to spit out the betel juice and another chimed in, "I thought of selling mine, but who will buy it?"

"If they want to give us something, at least let them give us something that is fit to eat," said a third.

Gopi wondered about these things, he wondered who the Government actually was. Ravi would know, but then, Ravi knew so much though he was the same age as Gopi, for Ravi learnt so much in school. Gopi wished he could ask Ravi, but sometimes Ravi laughed at him and called him stupid, which Gopi didn't like at all.

He did know some things though — he knew, for instance, about Indira Gandhi. He was only eight when she had visited the town and he was living then with his uncle in a small town. His uncle and so many others were so excited she was coming to their little town. Seeing the excitement he had expected so much. To his childhood mind, his favourite dream was coming true. A queen was coming to change their lives, she would smile at him and lead him off to a different world, a world where he would never be hungry.

So he had waited along with the others for a long time and he had almost dropped off to sleep when she came. He remembered the excitement on seeing the car and the disappointment that followed. Why, she hadn't even stopped, she had only smiled and gone on and life had gone on the same as usual.

Gopi smiled now to think of it, how silly he had been. He knew so much more now since his uncle had brought him to the city and left him with Ravi's family.

The bell rang now and the boys came running out; the sound of hundreds of voices drowned the voices of the ayahs who were getting up to lay out the lunch. Gopi too started opening the tiffin box, he didn't like this part of the job. Every time he looked at Ravi's food, his own stomach rumbled. It was not that he had not eaten. In fact, he ate much better now than when he was with his uncle, but he had had his breakfast so early and the food he was given was not the same as Ravi's.

Sometimes Ravi would leave behind a tasty piece of fish or meat and Gopi would eat it hungrily.

Gopi had schooled his hunger not to show and always looked away when Ravi and his friends were eating. But it was the chocolate that made his mouth water. Ravi's mother always sent him a slab for his lunch.

Ravi hardly glanced at Gopi as he ate his lunch. He was busy talking to his friends in a language Gopi did not understand at all. Ravi finished his lunch and reached for his chocolate. He opened it and shared it with his friends. Gopi looked away. Soon he gathered up the tiffin box and putting it in the basket stood up.

He made his way back home again. When he reached the main road, he found it very crowded. A man was lying on the road and people were crowding around him. Two policemen were trying to calm down another man who was shouting and at the same time push back the spectators. A smashed cycle lay nearby and an autorickshaw with a dent on one side.

As Gopi watched, the autorickshaw driver took the policemen aside whispering something to them.

"Bribing him that is what it is. So much for our police force," said a man standing near by.

Gopi watched till the injured man was taken away in a cab. He came to himself with a start. Goodness, he was a little late. He walked faster now and soon reached the whitewashed house.

"Where were you, you ungrateful one?" shouted the old woman. Ravi's mother came into the room. "You can have your lunch later, Gopi, it is nearly two o'clock. Make me a cup of coffee. I must go now."

"Going out again?" enquired the old lady who was Ravi's mother's aunt.

"Yes. I have a Club meeting today at 2 o'clock. We are distributing milk and biscuits to some 50 poor children. One has to do something, you know," she said. "It is after all, the International Year of the child."

# 'It's the bestest drink!'

Gold Spot

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**Layers of happiness**

RAINBOW TREAT

Pour prepared lime jelly into individual long glasses till half full. Let it set in the fridge. Then add a little thick custard in each glass. Empty 2 bottles Gold Spot in ice-trays and let it harden in fridge. When set, remove and crush into bits. Just before serving top each glass with the crushed Gold Spot ice.

Looks too good to eat!

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UNEXPECTED GUESTS DROP IN ANYTIME!

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# Gold Spot. The taste goes to your smile.

# A FAVOURITE AUNT

Continued from page 27

dealt exclusively with Baroma. It was fine with us, because after all she was the only person in authority with whom we could really communicate our wants in a life partner. I remember when my wedding was finalised. The engagement ceremony was held in Calcutta, but as Baroma never left the house, the next weekend the young man was invited over to meet her. At the engagement I was expected to behave like a good Indian girl, so I sat there huddled in a heavy saree, with my face covered with a shawl. Leave alone getting acquainted, I never even got a chance to see him properly, except through the weave of the shawl.

As expected, Baroma handed over the preparations of the evening Puja to me that day. Thus when Vinod was guided to Baroma's temple I was in there dutifully chopping fruits for the prasad. She stood up to embrace him and then twirled him around to have a good look at him from all angles, "Hmm... he'll do. Not as handsome as my Ghanashyam, but then what can one expect for a coal-black girl with a squint?"

Vinod gave a visible start and opened his mouth to ask a question. I had been watching this tableau through the corner of my eye and couldn't help giggling. Immediately Baroma put on her most despotic air and commanded, "Silence, girl. My Ghanashyam is a vegetarian, and will not like a piece of your finger in his evening offerings. Moreover, if you don't hurry up, the sun will set, and the moment of evening prayers will pass."

I lowered my head and continued with the task.

Baroma turned her attention to Vinod once again, and putting on her most innocent air, enquired, "You did not expect someone as beautiful as me, did you?" And she sure was exceptionally beautiful even at her age. But now her face clouded over, as she continued, "Too much beauty is no good. It leaves a girl married to a stone statue, like me. But you won't understand. So what if we hurry up and introduce you to your bride? After all, that is why you hurried here. Not to spend an evening with her aunt."

Vinod obviously did not know how to cope with Baroma, and became red in the face. I too was not prepared for this turn of events. So both of us ended up stammering when she introduced us and quietly slipped away for half an hour.

His first sentence upon her leaving was, "She is some woman, isn't she?"

"The very best."

"I have seen my fill of aunts, mothers, and grandmothers in my lifetime, but have yet to see one like her. I think I could genuinely love and cherish her."

I smiled when I thought how little choice he had in the matter. The conversation continued to be centred on Baroma, and when Vinod heard how and why Baroma never left the house, and had not been able to attend Didi's, my elder sister's wedding, he vowed that we would get married right in this house, under Baroma's loving eyes. I asked how he would get his parents to agree to this arrangement, and he informed me in a lofty voice, "If I cannot persuade them to do this small thing, then there's little chance of my ever winning an argument in court, and you may have to starve to death."

That is when I saw that under his law school polish he was a real softy.

We were married there, in a pavilion set up in front of the temple, and Baroma was really touched. After that Vinod had no competition in being her favourite, and whenever we had a fight she would always side with him.

Years passed, and my brother's wife, Nandini, slowly took over more of the laborious chores of Baroma's life. Our children came along and laid claim on her heart, and life continued pleasantly enough in that house with the temple. Vinod practised in Calcutta, so it was no big problem driving down to see Baroma on weekends.

Then one day Baroma became ill. She started slowly sinking, and the family doctor warned us that the end was near. We tried to move her to a hospital, but she fed us the same line, "If he happens to be passing this way..." For the first time we started losing our tempers, but there was no moving her against her will.

My sister's husband, who is a doctor, moved in to minister to her, and though a nurse was engaged, Baroma clearly preferred the care and service of Nandini. As things became worse, we all drifted in to watch by her bedside. Grandfather would have called this a gathering of the clan. We were watching her slowly die — but not as vultures, because nobody had a penny to gain by her death. It was pure and simple love that drew us to her temple steps.

Baroma, whom we had always known as a smiling stoic, now started complaining to her god. "What sort of a husband are you, Ghanashyam? Just when I need you to hold my hand and give me strength, you turn into a stone statue."

One of us would instantly reach over and hold her frail hand, but she would shake her head

ruefully. It was just not the same. A strange change came over Nandini too, who had become the closest to Baroma lately. She went about her tasks with an expressionless face, softly humming Baroma's favourite hymns to herself. She was very solicitous of Mother's needs, since Baroma had told her, recently, that she was leaving Mother in her charge, because Mother had never really learned to look after herself or the family.

Then one day a tall man with matted hair, a beard flowing down to his chest, and a tiger skin around his waist came to the door and demanded to see Baroma. We are a respectable middle class family, and we are not used to such strange visitors — but an exception was made, and he was escorted to the temple under the suspicious eyes of every adult member of the family. At the door of the temple he called out "Ratna, Ratna" and Baroma tried to sit up. Most people who called her Ratna were long since dead. Father rushed up to the man, and Mother quickly covered her head to show respect.

He walked up to the dying woman and took one of her hands in both of his. Baroma's face lighted up as she told us, "See? I told you, he may pass by some day." Those were the last words she said, and soon she was dead with a happy look on her face.

Instead of being grief-stricken, the man let out a sigh of relief, and beamed with joy as he said, "I am free at last."

This was more than Mother could stand. By habit shy and quiet, she surprised everybody, including herself, by retorting, "Sir, she set you free years ago."

The man surveyed his toes guiltily as he answered, "I know, but my sinful mind would not listen. When I tried to close my eyes to meditate on Sri Hari, her eyes would flash before me. I travelled to the ends of the world to escape her — all to no avail."

Later, when they took the body into the house, to wash and dress, and while the men were getting ready to go to the burning ghats, this stranger slipped away, without anyone seeing him go. According to my code of ethics it seemed very unfair that Baroma should have spent a lifetime waiting for this encounter which lasted a whole of four minutes, but Vinod argues strongly in favour of her having died happy and satisfied.

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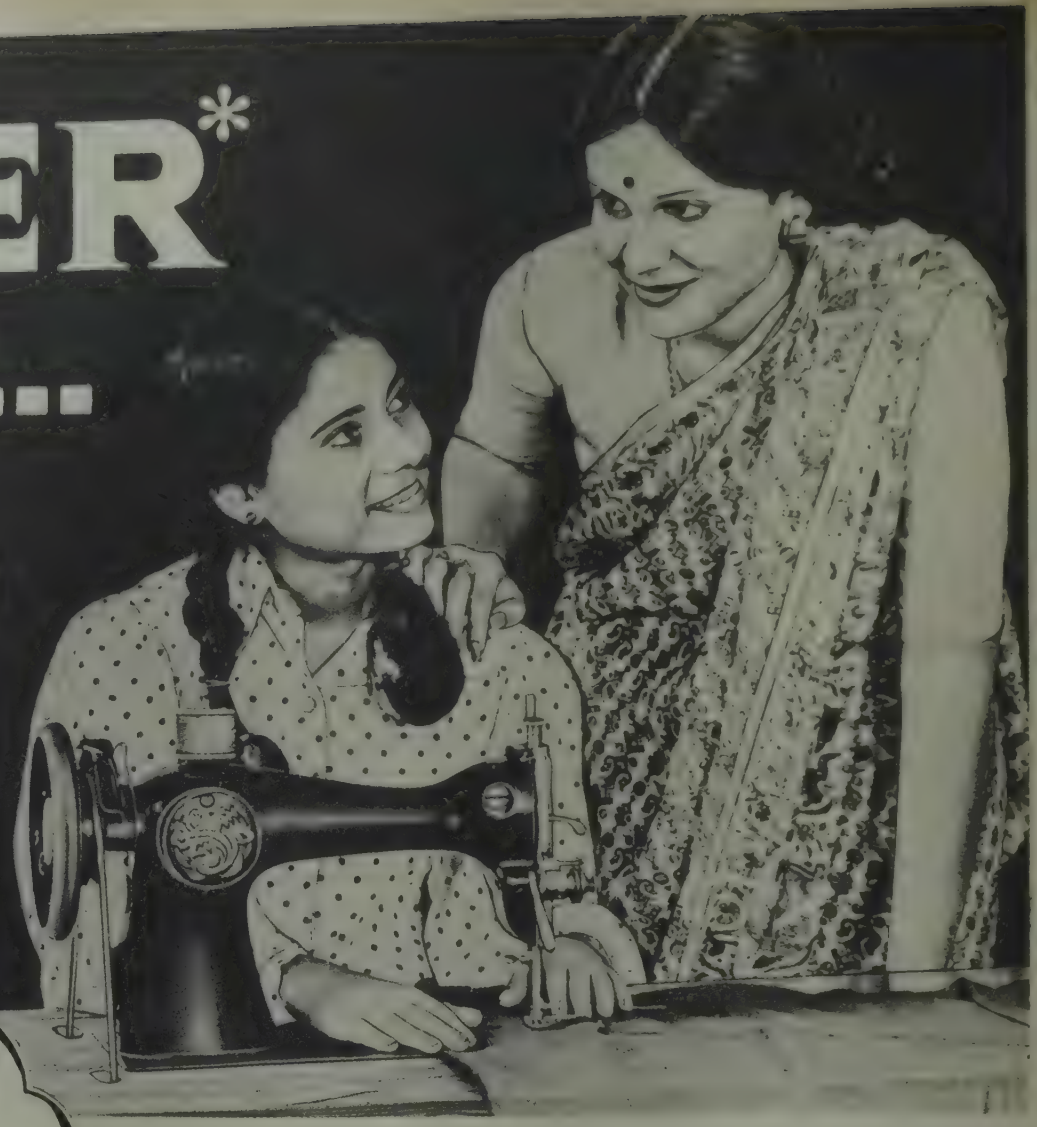

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## DROPOUTS FROM MUNICIPAL SCHOOLS

Continued from page 11

Projects like bal bhavans and day camps compensate for the lack of play facilities. Social Service is now a part of the syllabus. The objective is to orient the children to problems like unemployment, education, poverty and health, the causes and solutions of which are more relevant to them."

A unique project, the first of its kind, called the First Standard Project, has been started in many schools recently. Since most of the dropouts are from the I std. the project is oriented to keep the child in school of his own record. School is often a novel and frightening experience for a child of six. Coming from a poor home he is usually averse to sitting indoors. The first thing they did was to get rid of all the desks from the classrooms and make the children sit on mats. This greatly improved their attention span and performance. Changes in the syllabus and teaching aids were employed. "I like studying with pictures and charts," said an enthusiastic I grader. "My teacher makes such beautiful ones."

A pre-school was also started for children who would come into the I std. "They spend an hour a day at school, playing and looking at books. This gives them a feel of the school," said Meera, a social worker. The I std. project has proved to be a great success, and although the number who drop out has decreased only slightly, the students who drop out due to lack of interest has almost stopped.

They have been doing quite a commendable job. But as Kamini sums it up, "We try to do our best, but as long as poverty exists there will always be dropouts."

A word on what's being done for municipal schools during the International Year of the Child (it doesn't deserve more than a word). It should be interesting to note that nothing really has been done by the Municipal Corporation during this year — the IYC. The only constructive thing they did was, according to a social worker, distribute laddoos to the students, and only once, because the whole thing proved to be too expensive (over Rs. 1 lakh).

But there is a ray of hope for municipal school education and the percentage of dropouts should diminish significantly as a result of the social service work being done.

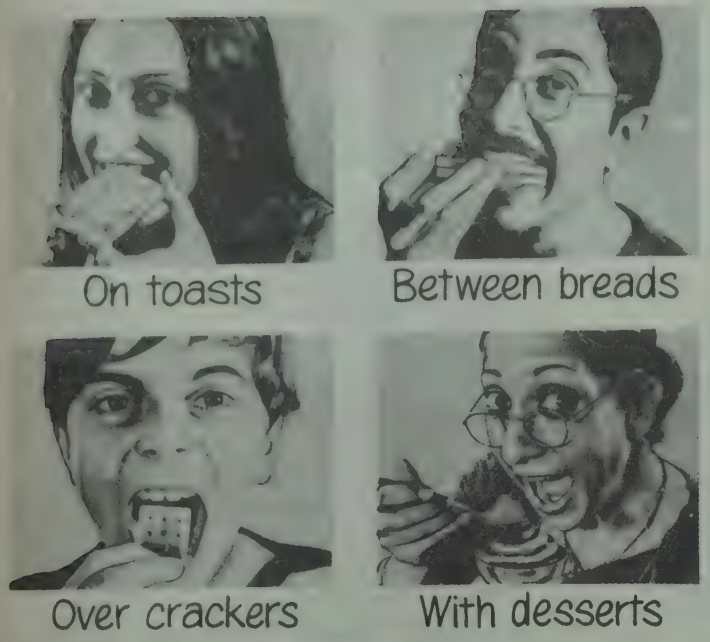
## FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

# ...AND THE FIRST TO FIZZLE!

Advertised as the first "disaster" film of India, "Kaala Patthar" may be a disaster to the makers, but establishes many "first" records. It is the first film where they have taken top stars and then made them unrecognisable either by splashing black coal on them or keeping them in long shots. It is Yash Chopra's first directorial failure, where he seems nonplussed and does some juggling with the camera in between the shots of the dance director and the fight director. It is the first film where Salim-Javed have proved that the flop of their "Iman Dharam" was not a fluke. It is the first film which in reality is a "guess who" game in the dimly lit village and pitch dark coal mines. From the torch procession (the lamps clamped to the miners' heads) you get weary spotting out the heroes, and new characters keep cropping up till the end. It is the first film where Poonam Dhillon, the "Noorie" girl, was added to the star cast for extra glamour, but kept behind the ghoongat of a bride. It is the first film where a special role was stitched for Shatru and not Amitabh. It is the first film where Amitabh reveals age. He goes around with bare arms that look so withered that they almost get mixed up with Parveen Babi's sleeveless arms. It is the first film where Neetu Singh has given a memorable performance, but unfortunately on the eve of her retirement (marriage).

I did not know Sanjeev was in the film, but he does puff through one scene. There is no relief of any sort because either the cast is underground or they watch a nonstop fight between Amitabh and Shatru (ending in a tie). And yes, this is the first film where they show a unique journalist (Parveen Babi) who comes to explore the coal mines and expose the owners, etc. but finally settles for an earth shaking event like a kiss from Shashi Kapoor, and even tells him, "After years, for the first time you have done a clever thing." Incidentally, this is the first film where I got up midway between the climax and left.

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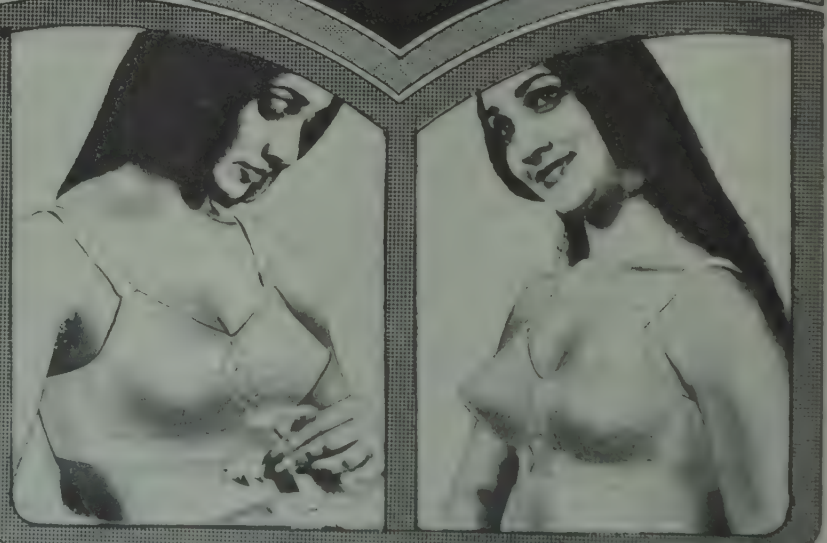

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USHA JOSHI:

# BUT NOT DEAF TO OTHERS' NEEDS

Dr. (Miss) Usha Joshi of Indore, who celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday on June 27, lives an almost normal life. She attends her brother's clinic daily in the mornings and evenings. At noon, she keeps herself engaged at the Deaf and Dumb Youth Cultural Organisation. She goes to the district panchayat office to supply ready-made garments, batik-printed bed sheets and kerchiefs made by members of her organisation. She stood first throughout her educational career. All this is incredible because she has been deaf since she was eleven. Her determination and struggle should be an inspiration for other handicapped persons.

Little Usha was a gentle and brilliant girl. Her ambition was to become a doctor. She regularly played kho-kho and was good at it, but when she was eleven, tragedy struck. She had gone to a temple with friends on Ram Navami day. When she returned, she developed fever. Her temperature rose to 105° and she became unconscious. She recovered, but her hearing was impaired and vocal chords badly damaged.

Friends and relatives suggested that she should end her studies and learn drawing or tailoring at home, but her parents were of the opinion that education is a must whatever may be the obstacles. Usha too, wanted to continue her studies. How could she remain at home when her brothers and sisters attended school?

Her parents' good sense has paid rich dividends. She passed higher secondary in Biology scoring high marks. Her school life, however, was not very happy because her hearing handicap evoked ridicule instead of sympathy from her classmates. And even teachers were not co-operative in helping her with notes. She would cry almost daily in the class. But in spite of all these difficulties, Usha did not lose courage and she passed successfully.

Then she joined the Girls Degree College, Kasturbagram (10 kms. from Indore) for B.Sc. Here she found the friendliness and encouragement she needed. Both teachers and students helped her considerably. It boosted her morale to such an extent that she began to take part in debates, mono-plays, etc. After college hours, she would do practicals to understand the subject better. She spent her leisure hours in reading biographies which deepened her resolve to make her life meaningful. This changed her personality completely. She attended three National Service Scheme camps.

Usha Joshi graduated with a first class and went to Gorakhpur to study Naturopathy. At Kasturbagram she had found books on Naturopathy and got interested. Again her far sighted parents agreed to her studying this subject. At Gorakhpur, she came in contact with leading doctors. She read extensively and secured the "Doctor of Naturopathy" degree standing fourth in order of merit.

When she returned to Indore, she decided to improve her speech. On the advice of an E.N.T. specialist, she took a course in lip-reading and sign language at the Deaf & Dumb School. Now she can communicate using short sentences. She established the Youth Deaf & Dumb Cultural Organisation In October 1974. There is an interesting story behind its establishment. One day, she happened to visit the Medical College, Indore. There she met a lot of teenagers who were deaf. They were illiterate and nobody bothered about them. She decided to set up an organisation 1) where deaf and dumb persons could learn arts and crafts so that they could earn an independent living, and 2) where they could meet at one place, exchange ideas, and develop new enterprises.

There was not a single institution in M.P. for the development of deaf and dumb people. Then she faced the problem of finance to run the organisation. First, she approached people she knew, but their response was lukewarm. Usha Joshi then met the local doctors. They and her parents gave her immense help. Meanwhile, she was adjudged the best deaf girl of M.P. (1975). Her organisation was registered in 1975. She succeeded in getting it affiliated to the All-India Deaf Sports Council. Members of the organisation represent M.P. at the national championships for the deaf. So far they have participated in four national meets and have won numerous prizes in various events. She also organises annual deaf athletic meets at the district level. Her organisation has 88 members including 16 girls.

Any deaf or dumb person above the age of 15 can join the organisation paying Rs. 2 or 3 p.m. They learn indoor games, Hindi, English, mathematics, sign language, lip reading, mono-play, etc. besides making ready-made garments, batik printing and kerchiefs.

"Members of my organisation are now quite happy," she claimed with a smile. "When they joined, some of them were juvenile delinquents, some roamed aimlessly. It was natural. They were denied education, emotional security and an aim in life. What could they do in such circumstances? The only way they could earn a living was by unlawful activities. I helped them by teaching them arts and crafts. Now they are reformed and they have self-respect. I try to solve their problems by getting them employment, securing for them a place in society, and getting them married. Their happiness is my happiness."

What about her own marriage?

"Marriage is no doubt a biological necessity, but not for all if they have something to do which absorbs all their time and energy. And I can never forget that, my birthday, June 27, also happens to be that of Dr. Helen Keller. With her to inspire me, I do not feel any lack by not marrying."

**R. Swaminath**

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS

## BOMBAY

Bombay Art Society's Child Art Exhibition to mark the International Children's Year was inaugurated by Mr. Ram Kumar Batra, Sheriff of Bombay at the Jehangir Art Gallery. There were 600 entries from 156 schools and a cash prize of Rs. 500 was awarded to Yusuf Khan Anwar Miyan in the age group of 6 to 9 years. He is a student of "Clean Cities, Bombay".

The second and third prizes of Rs. 300 and Rs. 200 were won by Quaeed Zohar Mithiawala and Cheruuathary S. Velayudhan. The second group was in the age group of 10 to 14 years. The first cash prize of Rs. 500 was won by Shalini Khandelwal; and the second and third cash prizes of Rs. 300 and Rs. 200 were awarded to Yeshwant Sawant and K. Soman. There were ten consolation prizes for each group.

* * *

Sanjivani, a welfare organisation, has started a fund for flood victims in Saurashtra. Donations in the form of cash or cheques may be sent to Sanjivani, 'Everest' A/1-2, 2nd floor, Near Famous Cine Laboratory, Tardeo Road, Bombay 400 034.

* * *

A braille watch and two cassette players were presented to Manjit Kaur, Tirath Singh Aurora and Shankaran Kuppam, ex-students of the NAB-Mata Lachmi Nursery for the Blind at Sion, by Mr. P.C.D. Nambiar, Chairman, State Bank of India, on the occasion of the 10th anniversary celebrations of the Nursery.

Mr. Nambiar, who was the chief guest, also launched the IYC Ex-students' Benefit Fund for which the Nursery had collected Rs. 27,000 to begin with. The objective of this fund is to use the interest obtained from investment of the total amount collected, to help the ex-students to embark on a career or set up home and become self-reliant.

In his subsequent address, Mr. Nambiar touched upon the growing involvement of the State Bank in the new sphere of innovative banking which is more in the nature of social service than sound banking procedure. He also expressed his willingness to help the Nursery further in whatever way it was possible for the State Bank to do so.

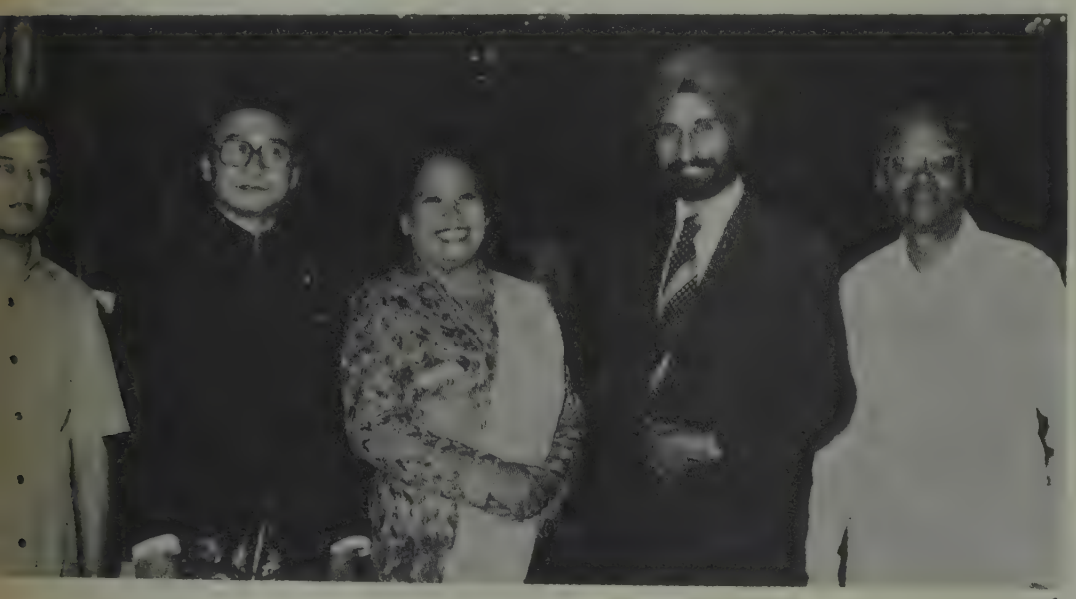
Earlier, Dr. Sundri Mirchandani, the Chairman of the Nursery, welcomed the guests.

## CALCUTTA

At a seminar organised to observe the International Year of the Child, the Society for Prevention and Control of Diabetes discussed the various new theories in the treatment of diabetes in children. The Chairman of the advisory committee, Dr. B.R. Sengupta, urged the committee to keep a day earmarked as the Diabetic Children's Day in order to discuss with the doctors, how best to prevent diabetes in children and the means to control it in them.

* * *

"Sanchayeeta", the organization run by the eminent vocal-



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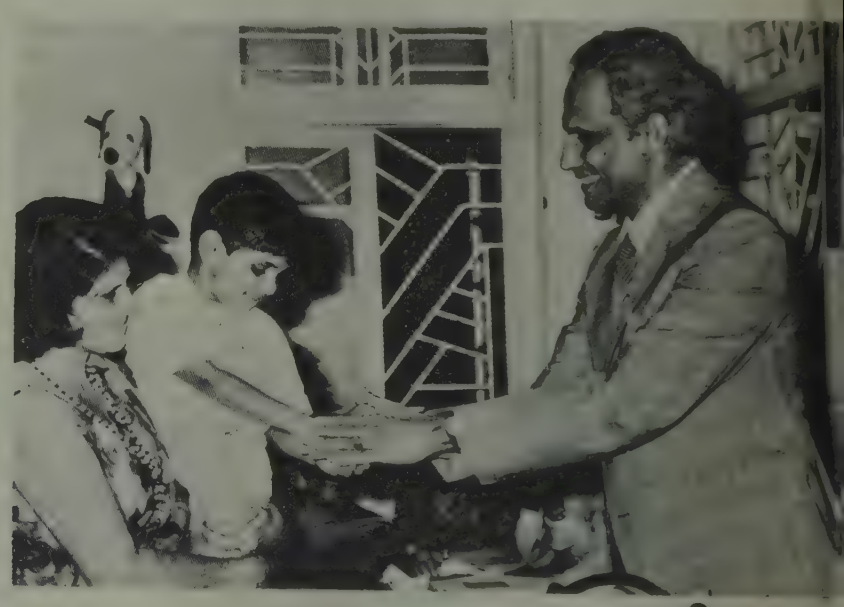

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1. Mr. Sirajuddin Arsad, Consul General, Indonesia, and Mrs. S. Arsad (2nd and 3rd from left) are seen with guests at the Indonesian National Day celebrations held at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

2. On the occasion of their Arangetram in Madras, Priyadarshini and Deepadarshini Advani (3rd & 5th from left) are seen with (from left) Mr. Marat Khikmatoullaev of USSR Consulate, Madras; a guest, Mr. Prabhudas Patwari, Governor, Tamil Nadu; and Mr. V. V. Osokin, Acting Consul General, USSR, Madras.

3. Little Yogesh of the NAB-Mata Lachmi Nursery for the Blind in Bombay, presents flowers to the Chief Guest, Mr. P. C. D. Nambiar, Chairman, State Bank of India, at the 10th anniversary celebrations of the nursery.

4. Mrs. Billo Kapur receives an award from the Governor of West Bengal for promoting the cause of St. John's Ambulance Association, West Bengal State Centre, in Calcutta.

5. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Ludhiana are seen (from left) Mrs. Tarakeshwari Sinha Ex. M.P.; Mrs. Daya Bindra and Mrs. Pratibha Prasad, President of the club.

ists, Malavika and A.T. Kanan, organized a solo vocal recital of classical songs by Kumar Mukherjee. Mr. Mukherjee's expertise in the rendering of rare ragas was highly appreciated.

* * *

Three well-known singers from Bangladesh, Falmida Khatoun, Papla Sarwar and Kaderi Kibria delighted the audience at Rabindra Sadan with their repertoire of Tagore songs.

## LUCKNOW

The moods of joy, hope and sorrow of India's children were exhibited in an evocative photo-exhibition titled, 'Children of India', organised by the Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity, Ministry of Information, at the State Lalit Kala Academi, which attracted large crowds, the majority of which have been, not surprisingly — children. The exhibition was inaugurated by the Chief Minister, Mr. Banarasi Das.

During the course of the two week exhibition an on-the-spot painting exhibition was also conducted, where children of various age groups participated. Exhibition timings were altered to suit the convenience of school-going children.

* * *

A five day composite health camp, conducted in the city, under the auspices of the Lucknow Red Cross Society, benefited over 800 slum dwellers, who were given free medical check-ups and aid, in addition to adult literacy classes which were also started. Speaking at a function organised on the opening day of the health camp, Mrs. Neena Mathur, President of the Red Cross Society, exhorted the slum dwellers to come forward and make use of the facilities and urged their active participation. Free clothes and baby food was also distributed. The Federation of UNESCO Association, UP, undertook a programme of conducting evening classes for the women of the locality.

* * *

Nari Sansar, a women's organisation organised an essay competition on the subject, "Bal Apradh — Karan aur Nidhan" for women above 20 years of age. The competition was organised with a view to spotlight attention on such problems, which have assumed grave proportions in the present social context.

* * *

In a manner befitting the spirit of the International Year of the Child, two tiny-tots from Loreto Convent, Lucknow, inaugurated a pastry shop at Hotel Clarks Avadh. After snipping the ribbon, over 350 children trouped in to enjoy an exciting fare of pastries and cakes. The Chief Guest on the memorable occasion was the Acting Mother Superior, Sister Marie Teresa. Children from various schools were present on the occasion.

* * *

The Inner Wheel Club of the Rotary Club, Lucknow West, at a simple function at Hotel Carlton, installed Mrs. Manorama Jain as President and Mrs. Gita Jain as the Secretary of the Club.

## LUDHIANA

Mrs. Tarakeshwari Sinha, Ex. M.P. was the Chief Guest at the installation meeting of the Inner Wheel Club of Ludhiana. Mrs. Sinha handed over the Presidential collar from the outgoing President, Mrs. Daya Bindra to the incoming President, Mrs. Pratibha Prasad. The new projects announced by the incoming President include the opening of a school for mentally retarded children.

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6. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Allahabad are seen (from left) Mrs. Santosh Bhargava, President, and Mrs. Nargis Dutt, Chief Guest.

## RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD

The Rajika Education Trust which conducts a "Young Journalist of the Year" contest in memory of the late Rajika Kirpalani, held their annual function recently, on Rajika's birthday, August 17. This year the award has been won by Shivanand Karkal who received a prize of Rs. 1000 and a bronze trophy. Mohan Sivanand stood 2nd. Special prizes were awarded to Rajiv Mehrotra of New Delhi and Achal Mehra of IIT, Kanpur.

To perpetuate the memory of Rajika Kirpalani, a young journalist who passed away suddenly on February 1, 1974, the Rajika Education Trust was established from her own earnings, with Sita Kirpalani, Lal Kirpalani, Ramesh Kirpalani and Vimla Patil as trustees.

Seen in the photo are winners (from left) Shivanand Karkal, Mohan Sivanand and Achal Mehra.

At the Rajika Kirpalani Young Journalist Award function are seen (from left) Professor P.N. Acharya; Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style; Mr. R. K. Karanjia, Editor, Blitz; Chief Guest Mr. M. V. Kamath, Editor, Illustrated Weekly; Mr. Ramesh Kirpalani; Mrs. Vimla Patil, Editor, Femina; Miss Jaya Kunder and Dr. Mulk Raj Anand.

# THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 8 — SEPT. 14
**John Naylor**

## IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

**Your chance to make a break through to better times! Have faith in yourself and your abilities — you won't again have such a fortunate year for some time to come. During the past month or two, some problems concerning loved ones, or home and working conditions, may have seemed insoluble. However, you are mistaken in this view! Troubles will gradually begin to diminish and you will receive your rewards if you grasp opportunities. Take a more adventurous attitude, and approach the more important people in your circle. They will be willing to help you up the ladder. In one year's time, you should be much better off — both financially and emotionally.**

### ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

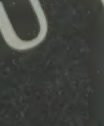
A change in friendships due, in part, to your own restless mood. You may start to reassess all your relationships but avoid hasty decisions. Somewhat irritating conditions will prevail for a few weeks, a lot of chopping and changing, coming and going.

### TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

An idea may be put to you which could bring extra profit — with a lot of effort, however. Give due consideration to any money-making ideas — your own and those of people close to you. Fresh scenes and interests bring new romantic links.

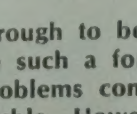
### GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

Take every opportunity to involve yourself in new activities. Your friendly nature will work in your favour both in personal and business life. Soon a romantic and rather lucky period begins for you.

### CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

Travel and other forms of communication indicate a pacy week, with good news and interesting invitations. Go for new methods and ideas; all sorts of fascinating trails will beckon! Strangers will tend to have a fortunate effect.

### LEO



(July 24 — Aug. 23)

You will be at your best the next month or two and this week brings an unusual offer out of the blue. Don't be afraid to take on fresh projects — you will soon have a surplus of energy and enthusiasm. Good signs for most activities.

### VIRGO



(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You will do well in both spheres in both working life and social activities. The lighter side of life will be lively with new friendships forming, they turn out well for you. Travel, fresh ideas, hopes and wishes are well starred; don't stick in a rut.

### LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Don't let a restless mood push you into impulsive changes. You are quite cautious by nature, but because of mischievous starry transits, it could be easy for you to plunge into a fresh course of action without due thought.

### SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

New friendships are starting and some of these will benefit you. If you have not achieved a special career ambition in the recent past, there will be new opportunities arising before the end of 1979. If single, a romance is on the way.

### SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

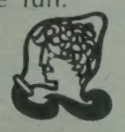
It is towards your birthday that good things will start to come your way without too much effort on your part. Business and personal matters will start to move ahead. Current conditions are good for raising support in influential areas.

### CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Your stars are bringing difficult conditions, a rather quarrelsome atmosphere. People loved ones in particular, will make demands, but improvement soon. Try to build up your vitality and your spirits; have some fun.

### AQUARIUS



(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Catch up on routine tasks this week, and offload some where possible. Late September will bring another over-busy and problematical period, but you will sort out your affairs and see your way ahead. Get organised therefore, to make time for relaxation.

### PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

This week, there will be good luck for a person close to you, and you will benefit too. A good time to complete outstanding business matters, to wind up any unsatisfactory arrangements that are benefiting others more than yourself.

O Beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

**Rabindranath Tagore**

There is an age at which a woman has to be beautiful in order to be loved. And then comes the age at which she has to be loved in order to stay beautiful.

**Francoise Sagan**

Beauty being the best of all we know sums up the unsearchable and secret aims of nature.

**Robert Bridges**

All beauties are to be honoured, but only one embraced.

**George Santayana**

# THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT BEAUTY

Any extraordinary degree of beauty in a man or woman involves a moral charm.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

It is not sufficient to see and to know the beauty of a work. We must feel and be affected by it.

**Voltaire**

It is the spirit behind beauty, rather than mere physical perfection itself, which singles women out from amongst others of her kind.

**Wilder Anthony**

We fly to beauty as an asylum from the terrors of finite nature.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

Beauty addresses itself chiefly to sight.

**Plotinus**

There is in true beauty, as in courage, somewhat which narrow souls cannot dare to admire.

**William Congreve**

Beauty is always the first to hear about the sins of the world.

**Jean Giraudoux**

There is a beauty in fitness which no art can enhance.

**Norman Douglas**

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